

LINGVA

OR

The Combat of the
Tongue,

And the five Senses

FOR

Superiority.

A pleasant Comœdic.

As the Author

LONDON,

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1667.

Drammatis Personæ.

LINGVA. _____ } COMEDVS.
AUDITVS. _____ } TRAGÆDVS.

MENDACIO, LINGVA his Page.

TACTVS. _____ } ODOR.
ALFACTVS. _____ } TOBACCO.

VISVS.	{	LVMEN:		GVSIVS.	{	BACCHVS, CERES,
		COELVM.				BEERE.
		TERRA.				
		HERAVLDRY.				
		COLOR.				

APETITVS a Parasite.

PHANTASTES, HEVRESIS, PHANTASTES his Page.

CRAPVLA, GVSIVS his follower.

COMMVNIS SENSVS.

MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES, MEMORY his Page.

SOMNV.S.

Persona quarum mentio tantum fit.
 { PARSVE.
 { ARCASIA.
 { VERITAS.
 { OBLIVIO.

The Scene is MICROCOSMVS in a Groue.

The Time, from morning till night.

PROLOGVE.

Our Muse describes no Louers passion,
 No wretched Father, no vnbristly Sonne:
 No craning subtile Whore, or shamelesse Bande,
 Nor stubborne Clowne, or darning Parasite,
 Nothing Seruant, or bold Sycophant.
 Wee are not wanton, or Satyricall.
 These haue their times and places fit, but wee
 Sit houres, and serious studies, vniuersall,
 Hine taught fencee Phylosophy to smile.
 The Senles rish to deceptions compose,
 And gine d'pleased ambition TONGVE / beu d'ue
 Heres all Iudicious friends, accept what is not ill,
 Who are not such, let them doe what they will.

Actus. I. Scœna. I.

L I N G V A, *apparelled in a Crimson Satten Gowne, a Dressing of white Roses, a little Skeane tyed in a purple Skarfe, a paire of white Buskins drawne with white Ribband, Silke-garters, Gloues, &c.*

A V D I T V S, *in a Garland of Bayes, intermingled with red and white Roses upon a false haire, a cloath of Silver Mantle upon a paire of Satin Bases, wrought Sleeues, Buskins, Gloues, &c.*

L I N G V A, A V D I T V S.

L I N G. **N**ay good *Auditus* do but here me speake.

A V D. **L**ingua thou strik'st too much vpon one string,
Thy tedious plaine-long grates my tender Eares.

L I N G. 'Tis plaine indeed, for Truth no descant needes,
Lingua's her name, she cannot be diuided.

A V D. O but the ground it selfe is nought, from whence
Thou canst not relish out a good diuision:

Therefore at length sur-cease, proue not starke mad,
Hopelesse to prosecute a haplesse sute:
For though (perchance) thy first straines pleasing are,
I dare ingage my eares, the cloze will iarre.

L I N G. If then your confidence esteeme my cause,
To be so friuolous and weakely wrought,
Why do you daily subtile plots deuise,
To stop me from the eares of common Sense?
Whom since our great *Queene Pysche* hath ordain'd,
For his sound wisdome, our Vice-gouernour,
To him, and to his two so wise assistants,
Nymble *Phantasies*, and firme *Memory*:
My selfe and cause, I humbly do commit,
Let them but heare and iudge, I wish no more,

A V D. Should they but know thy rash presumption,
They would correct it in the sharpest sort:
Good *Ioue* what Sense hast thou to be a Sense;
Since from the first foundation of the world,
We neuer were accounted more then siue;
Yet you, for-sooth, an idle prating dame,
Would faine increase the number, and vpstart
To our high seates, decking your babling selfe

With vsurpt titles of our dignity.

LING. An idle prating dame; know fond *Audius*,
Records affirme my title full as good,
As his amongst the five is counted best.

A V D. *Lingua* confesse the truth, th'art wont to lie.

LING. I say so too, therefore I do not lie,
But now spight of you all I speake the truth.
You five amongst vs subiects tyrannize,
Making the sacred name of common Sense,
A cloake to couer your enormities:
He beares the rule, he's iudge, but iudgeth still,
As he's inform'd by your false euidence:
So that a plaintife cannot haue access,
But through your gates he heares, but what? nought else.
But that thy crafty cares to him conuaies,
And all he sees is by proud *Visus* shewed him,
And what he touches is by *Tactus* hand,
And smels I know, but through *Olfactus* Nose,
Gustus begins to him what ere he tastes:
By these quaint trickes free passage hath beene bard
That I could neuer equally be heard,
But well, 'tis well. A V D. *Lingua* thy feeble sexe,
Hath hither-to with-held my ready hands,
That long'd to plucke that nimble instrument.

LING. O horrible ingratitude! that thou,
That thou of all the rest shouldst threaten me:
Who by my meane conceiue'st as many tongues,
As *Neptune* closeth lands betwixt his armes:
The ancient *Hebrew* clad with mysteries,
The learned *Greeke* rich in fit Epithites,
Blest in the louely marriage of pure words,
The *Caldy* wise, the *Arabian* Physicall,
The *Romaine* Eloquent, and *Tuscan* Graue,
The Brauing *Spanish*, and the smoth-tong'd *French*,
These pretious Jewels that adorne thine cares,
All from my mouthes rich Cabinet are stolne.
How oft hast thou bene chain'd vnto my tongue?
Hang'd at my lips, and rauish'd with my words,
So that a speech faire fether'd could not flie:
But thy cares pit-fall caught it instantly.
But now O Heauens!

L I N G U A.

A V D. O Heauens thou wrongst me much,
 Thou wrongst me much thus falsly to vpraise me:
 Had I not granted thee the vse of hearing,
 That sharpe edg'd tongue whetted against her Maister,
 Those puffing lungs, those teeth, those dropsie lippes,
 That scalding throate, those nostrils full of ire:
 Thy palate, proper instruments of speech,
 Like to the winged chanterers of the wood,
 Vttering nought else but idle siftements,
 Tunes without sence, words inarticulare,
 Had nere bene able t'haue abus'd me thus.
 Words are thy Children, but of my begetting.

L I N G. Perfidious Liar how can I endure thee,
 Cal'st my vnspotted chastity in question?
 O could I vse the Breath mine anger spends,
 Id'e make thee know.

A V D. Heauens looke on my distresse,
 Defend mee from this rayling vipereffe,
 For if I stay, her words sharpe viniger
 Will fret me through, *Lingua* I must be gone:
 I heare one call me more then earnestly. *Exit Auditus.*

L I N G. May the loud cannoning of thunder-boulds,
 Screeking of Wolues, howling of tortur'd Ghosts
 Pursue thee still and fill thy amazed eares
 With cold astonishment and horrid feares.
 O how these Senses muffle common sence,
 And more, and more, with pleasing objects striue;
 To dull his iudgement and peruert his will
 To their be-hefts who were he not so wrapt
 I the duskie clouds of their darke pollicies,
 Would neuer suffer right to suffer wrong:
 Fie *Lingua* wilt thou now degenerate?
 Art not a woman? dost not loue reuenge?
 Delightfull speeches, sweete perswasions?
 I haue this long time vs'd to get my right,
 My right, that is to make the Senses fixe;
 And haue both name and power with the rest.
 Oft haue I seasoned sauiory periods,
 With sugred words, to delude *Gustus* tast,
 And oft embelish't my entreatiue phrase
 With spelling flowers of vernant Rhetorique,

LINGVA.

Limming and flashing it with various Dyes,
 To draw proud *Visus* to me by the eyes:
 And oft perfum'd my petitory stile
 With Cinet-speeches, t'entrap *Olfactus* Nose,
 And clad my selfe in Silken Eloquence,
 To allure the nicer touch of *Tactus* hand,
 But al's become lost labour, and my cause
 Is still procrastinated; therefore now,
 Hence yee base off-spring of a broken minde,
 Supple intreaties and smooth flatteries:
 Go kisse the loue-sicke lippes of pulling Guls,
 That still their Braine to quench their loues disdain,
 Go guild the tongues of Bawdes and Parasites,
 Come not within my thoughts. But thou Deceipt,
 Breake vp the pleasure of my brim-full brest,
 Enrich my minde with subtile pollicies.
 Well then I'll goe, whither? nay what know I?
 And do, in faith I will, the deuill knowes what,
 What if I set them all at variance,
 And so obtaine to speake, it must be so.
 It must be so, but how? there lies the point:
 How? thus: tut this deuise will neuer proue,
 Augment it so, 'twill be too soone descride,
 Or so, nor so, 'tis too too dangerous,
 Pish, none of these, what if I take this course? ha?
 Why there it goes, good, good, most excellent,
 He that will catch Eeles must disturbe the floud,
 The Chicken's hatcht ifaith, for they are proud,
 And soone will take a cause of disagreement.

ACT. I. SCEN. 2.

MENDACIO, *attired in a Taffata sute of a light colour changeable, like an ordinary Page, Gloues, Hamper.*

LINGVA, MENDACIO.

LING. I see the heauens nurse my new-borne deuice,
 For loe my page *Mendacio* comes already,
 To file and burnish that I hammerd out,
 Neuer in better time *Mendacio*,
 What hast thou done? MEN. Done, yes long agoe,

LING.

L I N G V A.

L I N. Is't possible thou shouldst dispatch so soone?

M E N. Madame, I had no sooner told

Tactus, that *Gustus* would faine speake with him:

But I spied *Visus*, *Gustus* and the rest,

And serued them all with *Swace* of severall lies:

Now the last Sence I spake with was *Olfactus*,

Who hauing smelt the meaning of my message,

Straight blew his nose, and quickly pufte me hither,

But in the whirle-wind of his furious blast,

Had not, by chance, a Cob-web held me fast,

Mendacio had beene with you long ere this.

L I N. Witnesse this lie, *Mendacio's* with me now,

But sirra, out of iesting, will they come?

M E N. Yes and it like your Lady-ship presently:

Here may you haue me prest to flatter them.

L I N. Ile flatter no such proud Companions,

'Twill do no good, therefore I am determined

To leaue such basenesse.

M E N. Then, shall I turne and bid them stay at home?

L I N. No, for their comming hither to this groue,

Shall be a meanes to further my deuise,

Therefore I pray thee *Mendacio* go presently,

Run you vile Ape. M E N. Whether?

L I N. What, dost thou stand? M E N. Till I know what to doe.

L I N. S'pretious 'tis true,

So might thou finely ore-runne thine errand.

Hast to my Chest. M E N. I, I. L I N. There shalt thou finde

A gorgeous Robe, and golden Coronet,

Conuey them hither nimbly, let none see them. *Exit Mendacio.*

M E N. Madam, I flie, I flie. L I N. But here you sirra?

Locke vp your fellow seruant *Veritas*. M E N. I warrant you,

You need not feare, so long as I am with you. *He goes out, and comes*

What colour is the Robe? *in presently.*

L I N. There is but one. *Mendacio going turues in haste.*

M E N. The Key Madam, the Key.

L I N. By *Iuno* how forgetfull is suddaine speed?

Here take it, runne. M E N. Ile be here instantly. *Exit Mendacio.*

ACT.

LINGVA.
ACTVS.I. SCENA.3.

LINGVA *Sola.*

LING. Whilome this Crowne and gorgious ornament,
Were the great prize, for which siue Orators,
With the sharpe weapons of their tongues contended;
But all their speeches were so equall wrought,
And a-like gracious, that if his were witty,
His was as wise; the thirds faire eloquence
Did paralell the fourths firme grauity,
The lasts good gesture kept the Ballance euen
With all the rest, so that the sharpest eye,
And most iudicious cenfor could not iudge
To whom the hanging victory should fall:
Therefore with one consent they all agreed,
To offer vp both Crowne and Robe to me
As the chiefe Patronesse of their profession:
Which heretofore I holily haue kept,
Like to a misers gold, to looke on onely,
But now I'le put them to a better vse,
And venter both, in hope to————

ACT.I. SCEN.4.

MENDACIO, LINGVA.

MEN. Haue I not bied me Madam? looke you here,
What shall be done with these temptations?

LING. They say a golden Ball
Bred enmitie betwixt three Goddesses;
So shall this Crowne be author of debate
Betwixt siue Senses. MEN. Where shall it be laide?

LING. There, there, there, tis well, so, so, so.

MEN. A Crown's a pleasing baite to looke vpon,
The craftiest Foxe will hardly scape this trap.

LING. Come lets away, and leaue it to the chance.

MEN. Nay rather let me stand close here-about
And see the euent. LING. Do so, and if they doubt

How it came there, faine them some pretty fable,

How that some God.—— MEN. Tut, tut, tut, let me alone,
I that haue fained so many hundred gods,
Can easily forge some fable for the turne.

L I N G U A .

Whist Madame, away, away, you fright the Fowle,
Tactus comes hard by, looke you. L I N G. Ist he for certaine?
 MEND. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis he. L I N G. 'Tis he indeed. *Exit Lingua.*

ACTVS. I. SCENA. 5.

*TACTVS, in a darke coloured Sattin mantle over a paire of silke Bases, a Gar-
 land of Bayes mixt with white and red Roses, upon a blacke Grogaram, a
 Faulchion, wrought sleeves, Buskins, &c.*

MENDACIO. TACTVS.

MEND. Now chaste *Diana* grant my nets to hold.

TACT. The blasting Child-hood of the cheerefull morne
 Is almost growne a youth, and ouer-climbes
 Yonder guilt Easterne hills, about which time,
Gustus most earnestly importun'd me,
 To meete him here-about, what cause I know not.

MEND. You shall do shortly to your cost I hope.

TACT. Sure by the Sunne it should be nine a clocke.

MEND. What a starre-gazer, will you nere looke downe?

TACT. Cleere is the Sunne and blew the firmament,
 Me thinkes the beauens doe smile. *Tactus sweezeth.*

-----MEND. At thy mishap.

To looke so high and stumble in a trap.

Tactus stumblcth at the Robe and Crowne.

TACT. High thoughts haue slippry feete, I had well nie false,

MEND. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall. TACT. Whats this?

MEND. O are you taken, 'tis in vaine to striue. TACT. How now?

MEND. Youle be so intangled straight. TACT. A Crowne?

MEND. That will be heard. TACT. And a Robe.

MEND. To loose your selfe. TACT. A Crowne and a Robe.

MEND. It had beene fitter for you to haue found a fooles coat &
 a bable, hey, hey. TACT. *Jupiter, Jupiter* how came this heere?

MEND. O Sir, *Jupiter* is making Thunder heeres you not, here one
 knowes better. TACT. 'Tis wondrous rich, ha, but sure it is not so, ho,
 Do I not sleepe and dreame of this good luske, ha?

No I am awake, and feele it now

He takes it vp.

Whose should it be? MEND. Set vp a *Siguls* for it.

TACT. *Mercury*, al's mine owne, heres none to cry halfe mine.

MEND. When I am gone.

Exit Mendacio.

L I N G V A
ACT. I. SCENA. 6.

TACTVS Solus.

TAC. *Tactus*, thy sneezing somewhat did portend;
Was euer man so fortunate as I?
To breake his shinnes at such a stumbling Blocke?
Roses and Baies packe hence: this Crowne and Robe,
My Browes and Body circles and inuests.
How gallantly it fits me, sure the slaue,
Measur'd my head that wrought this Coronet.
They lie that say Complexions cannot change:
My Bloud's enobled, and I am transform'd,
Vnto the sacred temper of a King:
Me thinks I heare my noble Parasites
Still King me *Cesar*, or great *Alexander*,
Licking my feete and wondring where I got
This pretious ointment: How my pace is mended?
How Princely do I speake? how sharpe I threaten?
Peasants I'll curbe your head-strong impudence,
And make you tremble when the Lyon roares,
Ye earth-bred wormes, O for a looking glasse:
Poets will write whole volumes of this scarre,
Where's my attendants? Come hither Sirra quickly.
Or by the wings of *Hermes*.-----

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

OLFACTVS, in a Garland of Bayes intermingled with white and red Roses:
upon a false haire, his sleeves wrought with flowers under a Damaske Mantle
ouer a paire of silke Bases, a paire of Buskins drawne with riband, a flower
in his hand.

TACTVS. OLFACTVS.

TAC. Ay me *Olfactus* comes, I cal'd too soone,
Heele haue halfe part I feare: What shall I do?
Where shall I runne? how shall I shift him off?

OLF. This is the time, and this the place appointed,
Where *Visus* promis'd to conferre with me.
I thinke hee's there-----No, no, 'tis *Tactus* sure.
How now, what makes you sit so nicely?

*Tactus wraps up
the Robe and
Crowne and sits
upon them.*

TAC. It's past imagination, it's so indeed.

OLF. How fast his deeds are fixed, and how melancholly hee looks?
Tactus, Tactus. TAC. For this is true, Mans life is wondrous brittle.

OLF.

LINGVA.

OLF. He's mad I thinke he talkes so idly, so ho, *Tactus*

TAC. And many haue bene metamorphos'd,

To stranger matters, and more vpcloth formes,

OLF. I must go neerer him he doth not heare,

TAC. And yet me thinks, I speake as I was wont,

And—— OLF. *Tactus*, *Tactus*,

TAC. *Olfactus* as thou louest come not neere me,

OLF. Why? art thou hatching egges-th'art fear'd to breake them?

TAC. Touch me not least thou chance to breake my life.

OLF. What's this vnder thee?

TAC. If thou meddle with mee I am vtterly vndone.

OLF. Why man? what ailes thee?

TAC. Let me alone and Ile tell thee,

Lately I came from fine *Phantastes* house.

OLF. So I belecue, for th'art very foolish.

TAC. No sooner had I parted out of dores,

But vp I held my hands before my face:

To sheild my eies from the light's peircing beames,

When, I protest, I saw the Sunne ascleere,

Through these my palmes as through a prospectiue

No meruaile, for when I beheld my fingers:

I saw my fingers neere transf-form'd to glasse,

Opening my brest, my Breast was like a window,

Through which I plainly did perceiue my heart:

In whose two Conclaues I discern'd my thoughts,

Confusedly, lodg'd in great multitudes.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, why this is excellent,

Momus himselve can finde no fault with thee

Thou mak'st a passing liue *Anatomia*.

And decid the question much disputed,

Betwixt the *Galenists* and *Aristotle*.

TAC. But when I had arriu'd and set me downe,

Viewing my selfe, my selfe, aye me! was changed,

As now thou seest, a perfect Vrinall.

OLF. T' a perfect Vrinall, O monstrous, monstrous, art not mad to thinke so?

TAC. I do not thinke so, but say I am so,

Therefore *Olfactus* come not neere I aduise you.

OLF. See the strange working of dull melancholly,

Whose drossy drying the feeble Braine,

Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect.

And in the soules faire Table falsely graues,

Whole squadrons of phantasticall *Chimeras*
And thousand vaine imaginations:
Making some thinke their heads as big as horses,
Some that th'are dead, some that th'are turn'd to Wolues;
As now it makes him thinke himselfe all glasse,
Tactus diswade thy selfe, thou doest but thinke so.

TACT. *Olfactus* if thou louest me get thee gone,
I am an *Vrinall*, I dare not stir,
For feare of cracking the Bottome. *OLF.* Wilt thou sit thus all day?

TACT. Vnlesse thou helpe me.

OLF. Bedlam must helpe thee, what wouldst haue me doe?

TACT. Go to the Citty, make a Case fit for me,
Stuffe it with wooll, then come againe and fetch.

OLF. Ha, ha, ha, thou'lt be laught out of case and countenance.

TACT. I care not, so it must be or I cannot stirre.

OLF. I had best leaue troubling him he's obstinate (*Vrinall* I leaue you) but about all things take heed *Iupiter* sees you not, for if hee do, he'le nere make water in a sieve, again, thou'lt serue his turn so fit to carry his water vnto *Aesculapius*, fare-wel *Vrinal*, fare-well. *Exit Olfactus.*

TACT. Speake not so loud, the sound's enough to cracke me. What is he gone? I an *Vrinall*, ha, ha, ha, I protest I might haue had my face washt finely, if he had ment to abuse me: I an *Vrinall*, ha, ha, ha, go to, *Vrinall* you haue scapt a faire scouring, well Ile away, and get mee to mine owne house, there Ile locke vp my selfe fast, playing the *Chimicke*, augmenting this one Crowne to troupes of Angels, with which gold-winged messengers, I meane,

To worke great wonders, as to build and purchase,
Fare daintily, tie vp mentongues, and loose them,
Command their liues, their goods, their liberties,
And captiue all the world with chaines of gold,

Hey, hey, tery linkum tinkum. *He offers to go out; but comes in suddenly amazed.*

O Hercules
Fortune the Queene, delights to play with me,
Stopp'ng my passage with the sight of *Visus*,
But as he makes hither, Ile make hence,

There's more waies to the Wood then one. *He offers to go out: at the other dore, but returns againe in haste.*

What more Diuels to affright me?
O Diabolo, *Gustus* comes here to vexe me.
So that I poore wretch, am like a shuttle-cock betwixt two Battledores.
If I runne there, *Visus* beapes mee to *Scillus*; if here, then *Gustus* blowes

me to *Carybdis*.

Neptune hath sworne my hope shall suffer ship-wracke.

What shall I say?

Mine *Vrinal's* too thin to bide the fury of such stormes as these.

ACT. I. SCEN. 8.

VISVS, in a Garland of Bayes mixt with white and red *Roses*, a light colour'd
Tassata mantle striped with silver, & fringed wth green silk Bases, Buskins, &c.

GVSTVS in the same fashion, differing onely in colour.

TACTVS in a corner of the Stage.

VISVS. GVSTVS. TACTVS.

VIS. *Gustus* good day. *Gvs.* I cannot haue a bad,
Meeting so faire an *Omen* as your selfe.

TAC. Shall I? wilt proue? ha! well 'tis best to venture. *Tactus* puts

Gvs. Saw you not *Tactus*, I should speake with him. on the Robes.

TAC. Perchance so, a suddaine lie hath best lucke.

VIS. That face is his; or else mine eie's deceiue'd,

Why how now *Tactus*, what so gorgious?

Gvs. Where didst thou get these faire habiliments?

TAC. Stand backe I charge you as you loue your liues,
By *Stix* the first that toucheth me shall die.

VIS. I can discerne no weapons, will he kill vs?

TAC. Kill you? not I, but come not neere you had best.

VIS. Why, art thou mad? *TAC.* Friends, as you loue your liues,
Venture not once to come within my reach.

Gvs. Why dost threaten so?

TAC. I do not threaten, but in pure loue aduise you for the best,
Dare not to touch me, but hence flie apace,
Adde wings vnto your feete, and saue your liues.

VIS. Why what's the matter, *Tactus* prethe tell me?

TAC. If you will needs ieopard your liues so long,
As heare the ground of my amazednesse,
Then for your better safety stand aside.

Gvs. How full of ceremonies, sure he'll coniuere,
For such like Robes *Magicians* vse to weare.

VIS. Ile see the end, though he should vnlocke Hell:
And set th' infernall haggas at liberty.

TAC. How rash is man on bidden armes to rush,
It was my chance, O chance most miserable,
To walke that way that to *Crimmons* leads.

Gvs. You meane *Crimmons* a little Towne hard by.

L I N G U A .

T a c. I say *Crimena* called *Vacua*,
A Towne which doth, and alwaies hath belong'd
Chiefely to Schollers: from *Crimena* wallee,
I saw a man came stealing craftily,
Apparelled in this vesture which I weare,
But seeing me est-soones, he tooke his heeles,
And threw his garments from him all in hast,
Which I perceiuing to be richly wrought,
Tooke it me vp: But good now get you gone,
Warn'd by my harmes, and scape my misery.

V i s. I know no danger, leaue these circumstances.

T a c. No sooner had I put it on my backe,
But suddenly my eies beganne to dim,
My ioynts waxe sore, and all my body burne
With most intestine torture, and at length,
It was too euident, I had caught the plague.

V i s. The plague, away good *Gustus* let's be gone,
I doubt 'tis true, now I remember me
Crimena vacua neuer wants the plague.

G v s. *Tactus* Ile put my selfe in icopardy to pleasure thee.

T a c. No gentle *Gustus*, your absence is the onely thing I wish,
Least I infect you with my company. G v s. Farewell, *Exit Gustus*

V i s. I willingly would stay to do thee good.

T a c. A thousand thanks, but since I needs must die,
Let it suffice, death onely murders me,
O'twould augment the dolour of my death,
To know my selfe the most vnhappy bow,
Through which pale death should aime his shafts at you.

V i s. *Tactus* fare-well, yet die with this good hope,
Thy corps shall be interred as they ought. *Exit Visus.*

T a c. Go make my Tombe, prouide my Funerals, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Excellent Asses, thus to be deluded,
Bewaile his death and cruell destinies,
That liues, and laughs your fooleries to scorne,
But where's my Crowne, oh heere: I well deserue,
Thus to be crowned for two great victories ha, ha, ha,
Visus take care my corps be well interr'd:
Go make my tombe, and write vpon the stone.

*Here lies the Sense, that lying gul'd them all,
With a false plague, and feigned vrinell.*

ACT

L I N G U A
ACT. I. SCEN. 9.
A U D I T V S. T A C T V S.

A v. *Tactus, Tactus.*

T a c. O *Iupiter* 'tis *Audius* all's made, I doubt, the flie knave heares so far, but yet Ile grope him; how now Eares, what make you here, ha?

A v. Nay, what make you here, I pray what were you talking euen now, of an Asse, and a Crowne, and a Vrinall, and a plague?

T a c. A plague on you what I? A v. Oh, what you.

T a c. O I had well nigh forgot, nothing but I say-- A v. What?

T a c. That if a man (do you marke sir) being sicke of the plague (do you see sir) had a a, a, hem, hem, (this cold troubles me, it makes mee cough sometimes extreemly) had a *French Crowne*, (sir you vnderstand me) lying by him, & (come hither, come hither) and would not bestow two pence (do you heare) to buy an vrinall (do you marke me) to carry his water to the Physition, (hem) A v. What of all this?

T a c. I say such a one was a very Asse, this was all I vse to speake to my selfe when I am alone; but *Audius*, when shall we heare a new sea of singing-bookes, or the viols, on the consort of instruments.

A v. This was not al, for I heard mention of a Tomb, and an Epitaph.

T a c. True, true, I made my selfe merry with this Epitaph, vpon such a fooles Tombe thus a thus, thus, plague brought this man, (foh I haue forgotten) oh thus, plague brought this man (so, so, so) vnto his buriall because, because, because, (hem, hem) because he would not buy an vrinall; come, come *Audius*, shall we here the e play, the *Lyeroway*, or the *Luteway*, shall we? or the Cornet, or any Musicke, I am greatly reuiued when I heare.

A v. *Tactus, Tactus*, this will not serue, I heard all, you haue not found a Crowne: you, no, you haue not.

ACT. I. SCEN. *ultima.*

T A C T V S. A U D I T V S. V I S V S. G V S T V S. M E N D A T I O.

T a c. Peace, peace, faith peace, come hither, harke thee good now.

A v. I cannot hold I must needs tell.

T a c. O do not, do not, do not, come hither, will you be a foole?

V i s. Had he not wings vpon his feete and shoulders?

M e n. Yes, and a fine wand in his hand,

Curiously wrapped with a paire of snakes.

T a c. Will halfe content you, pish 'twill nere be knowne.

G v s. My life 'twas *Mercury*.

M e n. I do not know his name, but this I am sure, his hat had wings vpon't. V i s. Doubtlesse 'twas he, but say my Boy, what did he?

M e n.

L I N G U A .

M E N D. First I beheld him hovering in the aire,
And then downe stooping, with a hundred gires:
His feete he fixt on Mount *Cephalon*,
From whence he flew and lighted on that plaine,
And with disdainefull steps soone glided thither:
Whither arived, he suddenly vnfoldes
A gorgeous Robe, and glittering Ornament,
And laid them all vpon that hillocke:
This, done he wafts his hand, tooke wing againe,
And in a moment vanisht out of sight,
With that mine eies gan stare, and heart grew cold,
And all my quiuering ioynts with sweate bedewd:
My heeles, me-thought, had wings as well as his,
And so away I runne, but by the way
I met a man, as I thought, comming thither.

G v s. What markes had he ?

M E N D. He had a great-----what ! this is he, this is he.

V i s. What *Tactus* ?

G v s. This was the plague vext him so,
Tactus your Graue gapes for you, are you ready ?

V i s. Since you must needs die, do as others do,
Leaue all your goods behind you; bequeth the
Crowne and Robe to your executors.

T a c. No such matter; I, like the *Egyptian* Knights
For the more state, will be buried in them. V i s. Come, come deliuer.
Visus snatcheth the Crowne and sees letters grauen in it.

T a c. What will you take my purse from mee ?

V i s. No, but a Crowne that's iust more then your owne,
Ha, what's this ? 'tis a very small hand,
What Inscription is this ?

*Hee of the fine that proues himselfe the best,
Shal haue his Temples with this Cornonet blest.*

This Crowne is mine, and mine this garment is,
For I haue alwaies beene accounted best.

T a c. Next after mee, I as your selfe at any time: besides I found it
first, therefore 'tis mine.

G v s. Neither of yours, but mine as much as both.

A v d. And mine the most of any of you all.

V i s. Giue me it, or else-----

T a c. Ile make you late repent it-----

G v s. Presumptuous as you are-----

L I N G U A.

A V D. Spite of your teeth——

M E N D. Neuer till now, a ha it workes apace,
Vifus I know 'tis yours, and yet mee-thinkes

Andius you should haue some challenge to it;

But that your title *Tactur* is so good,

Gustus I would sweare the Coronet were yours.

What, will you all go braule about trifle?

View but the pleasant Coasts of *Myrocosme*.

Is't not great pittie to be rent with warres?

Is't not a shame, to staine with brinish teares,

The smiling cheekes of euer-cheerefull peace?

Is't not farre better to liue quietly,

Then broyle in fury of dissension?

Giue me the Crowne ye shall disagree

If I can please you; I'll play *Paris* part,

And most vnpartiall iudge the controuerfie:

V I S. Sauce-box go meddle with your Ladies fanne,

And prate not here.

M E N. I speake not for my selfe, but for my Countries safe commo-

V I S. Sirra be still.

(dity.

M E N. Nay and you be so hot the Diuell part you,

I'll to *Olfactus* and send him amongst you.

O that I were *Alecto* for your sakes:

How liberally would I bestow my snakes,

Exit Mendico.

V I S. *Tactus* vpon thine honour,

I challenge thee to meete me here,

Strong as thou canst provide in th'afternoone.

T A C. I vndertake the Challenge, and heres my hand

In signe thou shalt be answered.

G V S. *Tactus* I'll ioyne with thee on this condition,

That if we winne he that fought best of vs

Shall haue the Crowne, the other weare the Robe.

T A C. Giue me your hand I like the motion.

V I S. *Andius* shall we make our forces double,

Vpon the same termes. **A V.** Very willingly.

V I S. Come let's away feare not the victory.

Rights more aduantage, then an host of Souldiers.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus. 2. Scœna. I.

APPETITVS, *A long leane Raw-bon'd fellow in a Souldiers coate, a sword, &c.*

MENDACIO. APPETITVS.

MEND. I long to see those hot-spur-Senses at it, they say they haue gallant preparations, and not vnlikely, for most of the souldiers are ready in Armes, since the last field fought against their yearely enemy, *Meleager* and his wife *Acrasia*, that Conquest hath so sleight them, that no peace can hold them; but had not *Meleager* bene sicke, and *Acrasia* drunke, the Senses might haue whistled for the victory.

A P P. Foh, what a stincke of Gunpowder is yonder?

MEN. Who's this? oh, oh 'tis *Appetitus*, *Gustus* hungry Parasite.

A P. I cannot endure the smoking of Guns, the thundring of Drums; I had rather heare the merry hacking of pot-hearbs, and see the reaking of a hot Capon: If they would vse no other bucklers in war, but shields of Brawne, brandish no swords but swords of Bacon; traile no speares, but sparibs of Porke, & instead of Hargebush-pieces, discharge Hartichoke-pies, tossle no Pikes but boiled Pickrels, then *Appetitus* would rouse vp his Crest, and beare vp himselfe with the proudest.

MEN. Ah, here's a youth starke naught at a Trench, but old dog at a Trencher, a tall squire at a square Table.

A P. But now my good Maisters must pardon me, I am not for their seruice, for their seruice is without seruice, and indeed their seruice is too hot for my dyet. But what if I be not my selfe, but onely this be my spirit that wanders vp and downe, and *Appetitus* be kil'd in the Campe? the diuell he is as soone, how's that possible? tut, tut, I know am, I am *Appetitus*, & aliuē to, by this infallible tokē, that I feele my selfe hungry.

MEN. Thou mightst haue taken a better token of thy selfe, by knowing thou art afoole.

A P. Well then, though I made my fellow souldiers admire the beauty of my backe, and wonder at the nimbleness of my heeles, yet now will I at safety at home, tell in what dangers they are abroad, I'll speake nothing but guns, and glaues, and stauies, and phalanges, and squadrons, & harraçadoes, ambuscadoes, palme-does, blanke-point-dept, counter-point, counter-scuse, sallies & lies, saladoes, tarrantaras, tanta, tara, tara,

MEN. I must take the life out of his mouth or he'll nere adone. (they)

A P. But about all I'll be sure on my knees to thanke the great—

MEN. Who am I? who am I? who I? *Mendacio blinds him.*

L I N G U A.

A P. By the bloud-stain'd fauchion of *Mauors*---I am on your side.

M E N. Why, who am I? A P. Are you a souldier? M E N. No.

A P. Then you are Maister *Hellus* the Beare-beard.

M E N. No, no, he's dead.

A P. Or *Gulono* the gurry Seriant, or *Delphino* the Vintner, or else I know you not, for these are all my acquaintance.

M E N. Would I were hang'd if I be any of these.

A P. What *Mendacio*, by the faith of a Knight thou art welcome, I must borrow thy Whetstone to sharpen the edges of my martiall complements.

M E N. By the faith of a Knight: What a pox, where are thy spurres?

A P. Ineed no spurres, I ridelike *Pegasus* on a winged horse, on a swift Gennet, my Boy called Feare.

M E N. What shouldst thou feare in the warres? hee's not a good souldier, that hath not a good stomacke.

A P. O, but the stinke of powder spoiles *Appetitus* stomacke, & then thou knowst when 'tis gone *Appetitus* is dead, therefore I very manfully drew my sword, and flourish't it brauely about my cares, kist, and finding my selfe hurt, most manfully ranne away.

M E N. All heart indeed, for thou ranst like a Hart out of the field, It seemes then the Senses meane to fight it out.

A P. I, and out-fight themselves I thinke, and all about a trifle, a paltry bable, sound I know not where.

M E N. Thou art deceiued, they fight for more then that, a thing called superiority, of which the Crowne is but an Embleme.

A P. *Mendacio* hang this superiority, Crowne me no Crowne, but *Bacchus* Crowne of Roses, giue me no Scepter but a fat Capons legge, to shew, that I am the great King of *Hungary*, therefore I prethee talke no more of state-matters, but in brieftell me, my little Rascall, how thou hast spent thy time this many day? (where?

M E N. Faith in some credite since thou saw'st me last. A P. How so?

M E N. Euery where; In the Court your Gentlewoman hang at their Apron-strings, & that makes them answere so readily. In the City I am honour'd like a God, none so well acquainted with your Trades-men: your Lawyers all the Terme time hire me of my Lady; your Gallants if they heare my name abused, they stab for my sake; your Trauellers so dote vpo me as passes, O they haue good reason, for I haue carried the to many a good meale vnder the countenance of my familiarity; nay your States-men haue oftentimes closely conueied me vnder their tongues, to make their pollicies more currant; as for old men they challenge my company by authority. A P. I am exceeding glad of your great promotion.

MEN. Now when I am disposed I can Philosophy it is the Vniuersity with the subtillest of them all.

A P P. I cannot be perswaded that th'art acquainted with Schollers euer since thou wert prest to death in a Printing-house.

MEN. No, why I was the first founder of the three sects of Philosophy, except one of the Peripatetticks who acknowledge *Aristotle* (I confesse) their great Grand-father.

A P P. Thou Boy, how is this possible? thou art but a child, & there were sects of Philosophy before thou wert borne.

MEN. *Appetitus*, thou mistakest me, I tell thee 2000 yeares ago was *Mendacio* borne in *Greece*, nurs't in *Creete*, and euer since honoured euery where: I'le be sworne I held old *Homers* pen when he write his *Iliads*, and his *Odisses*.

A P P. Thou hadst need, for I heare say he was blind.

MEN. I helped *Herodotus* to pen some part of his *Muses*, lent *Pliny* inke to write his *History*, rounded *Rabalais* in the eare when he Historified *Pantagruell*, as for *Lucian* I was his *Genius*, O those those two bookes *De vera Historia* howsoeuer they goe vnder his name, I'le be sworne I writ them euery tittle.

A P P. Sure as I am Hungry, thou'lt haue it for Lying. But hast thou rusted this latter time for want of exercise?

MEN. Nothing lesse, I must confesse I would faine haue iogged *Stow*, and great *Hollings-head* on their elbowes, when they were about their *Chronicles*, and as I remember *Sir Iohn Mandeuils* trauels, and a great part of the *Decads* were of my doing. But for the *Mirrors of Knighthood*, *Benis of South-hampton*, *Palmerin of England*, *Amadis of Gaule*, *Huen de Burdenux*, *Sir Guy of Warwicke*, *Martin Marprellate*, *Robin-hood*, *Garragantua*, *Gerilion*, and a thousand such exquisite monuments as these, no doubt but they breath on my breath vp and downe.

A P P. Downe-wards I'le sweare, for there's stinking lies in them.

MEN. But what, should I light a Candle to the bright Sunne-shine of my glorious renowne, the whole world is full *Mendacio's* fame.

A P P. And so it will be so long as the world is full of fame.

MEN. But sirra, how hast thou done this long time?

A P P. In as much request as thy selfe. To begin with the Court as thou didst, I lie with the Ladies all night, and that's the reason they call for Cullies, and Grullies, so earely before their prayers, your Gallants neuer sup, Breake-fast, or Beauer without me.

MEN. That's false, for I haue scene them eate with a full stomacke.

A P P. True, but because they knew a little thing driues me fro them, therefore in midst of meate they present me with some sharpe sauce, or a dish of delicate Anchoues, or a Cuiare, to intice me back again: nay

more, your old Sirs that hardly go without a prop, will walke a mile, or two, every day to renew their acquaintance with me, as for the *Academy* it is beholding to mee, for adding the eight Province vnto noble *Heptarchy* of the liberall Sciences. MEND. What's that I prethe.

A P. The most desired and honourable Art of Cookery, Now sirra in the Citty I am-----ft, ft.

O the body of a Louse. MEND. What art a Louse in the Citty?

A P. Not a word more, for yonder comes *Phantastes*, and some body else. MEND. What a pox can *Phantastes* do?

A P. Worke a miracle if he would proue wise.

MEND. 'Tis he indeed, the vilest nup: yet the foole loues me exceedingly, but I care not for his company, for if he once catch me I shall neuer be rid of him.

Exeunt Appetitus and Mendacio.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

PHANTASTES. *A swart complexion'd fellow but quicke-of'd, in a white Satten doublet of one fashion, greene Veluet hose of an other, a phantastickall hat with a plume of feathers of seuerall colours, a little short Taffata cloake, a paire of Buskins cut, drawne out with sundry coloured Ribands, with Scarfes hung about him after all fashions, and of all colours, Rings, Jewels, a Fanne, and in euery place other odde complements.*

HEURESIS. *Animble sprighted page, in the newest fashion with a garland of Bayes, &c.*

PHANTASTES. HEURESIS.

PHAN. Sirra boy, *Heuresis*, boy how now byting your nailes?

HEV. Three things haue troubled my braine this many a day, and iust now, when I was laying on the inuention of them, your suddaine call made them, like *Tantalus* apples, flie from my fingers.

PHAN. Some great matters questionlesse, what were they?

HEV. The quadrature of a circle, the Philosophers Stone, and the next way to the Indies.

PHAN. Thou dost well to meditate on these three things at once, for thei'le bee found out all together, *ad gracas Calendas*, but let them passe, and carry the conceite I told you this morning to the party you wot of. In my immagination 'tis capritious, 'twill take I warrant thee.

HEV. I will Sir. But what say you to the Gentleman that was with you yesterday?

PHAN. O, I thinke thou meanest him that made nineteene Sonnets of his Mistresse Buske-point.

HEV. The same, the same, Sir, you promis'd to helpe him out with the twentieth.

P H A. By *Jupiters* clouen pate 'tis true : But wee witty fellowes are
so forgetfull, but stay, hu, hu, cary him this.

*The gordian knot which Alexander great,
Did whilom cut with his all conquering sword:
Was nothing like thy Bucke-paint pretty Peate,
Nor could so faire an angury offoord.*

Then to conclude, let him peruert *Catullus* his *zonam soluis diligatam*,
thus, thus.

*Which if I chance to cut or else vntie,
Thy little world I le conquer presently.*

'Tis pretty, pretty, tell him 'twas extemporall.

H E V. Well Sir, but now for Maister *Inametratos* loue-letter.

P H A. Some netling stuffe ysaith; let him write thus.

*Most heart-commanding fact Gentlewoman, even as the stone in India called
Bubalus, hurts all that looks on it; and as the Serpent in Arabia called
Smaragdus delighteth the sight, so does thy celesticall orbe-assimilating eyes,
Both please, and in pleasing wound my loue-darted heart.*

H E V. But what trick e shall I inuent for the conclusion?

P H A. Pish any thing, loue will minister Inke for the rest, He that once
begun well, hath halfe done well, let him begin againe and there's al.

H E V. Maister *Gullio* spoke for a new fashion, what for him?

P H A. A fashion for his sute---let him button it downe the slecue
with foure elbows, and so make it the pure hieroglyphicke of a foole.

H E V. Nay then let me request one thing of you.

P H A N. What's that Boy? by this faire hand thou shalt haue it.

H E V. Mistresse *Sarperbia*, a Gentlewoman of my acquaintance, wisht
me to deuise her a new set for her Ruffe, and an odde Tire, I pray sir
helpe me out with it.

P H A N. Ah boy, in my conceite 'tis a hard matter to performe, these
women haue well nigh tired me, with deuising Tires for them, and set
me at a *non plus* for new Sets, their heads are so light, and their eyes so
coy, that I know not how to please them.

H E V. I pray Sir, she hath a bad face, and faine would haue Sutors;
Pantastical and odde apparell would, perchance, draw some body to
looke on her.

P H A N. If her face be nought, in my opinion, the more view it, the
worse, bid her weare the multitude of her deformities vnder a maske,
till my leasure will serue to deuise some durable, and vnstained blissh of

H E V. Very good Sir.

P H A N. Away then, hye thee againe, meete me at the Court within
this houre at the farthest.

Exit Henries.

Oh heavens! How haue I bin troubled this latter times with Women, Fooles, Babes, Taylers, Poets, Swaggers, Guls, Ballad-makers, they haue almost disrobed me of all the toys and trifles I can deuise, were it not that I pittie the multitude of Printers, these Sonnet-mungers shold starue for conceits for all *Phantastes*. But these puling Louers, I cannot but laugh at them & their Encomions of their Mistresses: They make, forsooth, her haire of Gold, her eies of Diamond, her cheekes of Roses, her lippes of Rubies, her teeth of Pearle, and her whole body of Iuory; and when they haue thus Idol'd her like *Pigmalion*, they fall downe and worship her. *Pischo*, thou hast laid a hard taske vpon my shoulders, to inuent at euery ones aske, were it not that I refresh my dulnes once a day with thy most Angelicall presence, 'twere vnpossible for me to vndergo it.

ACTVS.2. SCENA.3.

COMM'VNIS SENSVS, *a grave man in a blacke Veluet Cassecke like a Councillor, speakes comming out of the dore.*

COMMVNIS SENSVS. PHANTASTES.

COM.S. I cannot stay, I tell you 'tis more then time I were at Court, I know my Soueraigne *Pysche* hath expected me this houre.

PH. In good time, yonder comes *Common-sense*, I imagine it should be he by his voice.

COM.S. Craue my counsell, tell me what manner of man he is? Can he entertaine a man into his house, can he hold his Veluet Cap in one hand, and vale his Bonnet with the other? knowes he how to become a Scarlet Gowne, hath he a paire of fresh posts at his dore?

PHAN. Hee's about some hasty State-matters, hee talkes of posts nie-thinkes.

COM.S. Can he parta couple of Dogs brawling in the streete? why then chuse him Maior, vpon my credite he'le proue a wise Officer.

PH. Saue you my Lord, I haue attended your leisure this houre.

COM.S. Fie vpon't what a roile haue I had to choose them a Mayor yonder? there's a fustie Currier will haue this man; ther's a Chandler wipes his nose on his sleeue, and sweares it shall not be so. There's a Musterd-maker lookes as keene as viniger will haue another: O this many headed-multitude, it's a hard matter to please them.

PH. Especially where the multitude is so wel-headed. But I pray you where's Maister *Memory* hath he forgotten himself that he is not here.

COM.S. 'Tis high time he were at Court, I would he would come.

ACTVS. 2. SCENA. 4.

MEMORY, an old decrepit man, in a black Velvet Cassock, a Tassata Gown fur-
red, with white Grogaram, a white beard, Velvet slippers, a Watch, Staffe, &c.
ANAMNESTES his Page, in a grave Sattin sute purple, Buskins, a Garland of
Bayes and Rosemary, a gimmel ring with one linke hanging, Ribbands and
Threads tyed to some of his fingers; in his hand a paire of Table-booke, &c.

MEMORY. ANAMNESTES. PHANTASTES.

COMMVNIS SENSVS.

M E M. How soone a wise man shall haue his wish.

C O M. S. *Memory* the season of your coming is very ripe.

P H. Had you staid a little longer 'twould haue bene starke rotten.

M E M. I am glad I sau'd it from the Swine---Spretions I haue forgot
something. O my purse, my purse, why *Anamnestes*, Remembrance where
art thou? *Anamnestes*, Remembrance, that vile boy is alwaies gadding, I re-
member he was at my heeles euen now, & now the vile Rascal is vanished.

P H A N. Is he not here? why then in my imagination he's left behind,
O la! *Anamnestes*, Remembrance.

A N. (*Running in hast.*) Anon anon sir, anon anon sir, anon anon sir,
anon anon sir. M E M. Ha sirra, what a brawling's here?

A N. I do but giue you an answere with anon Sir.

M E M. You answere sweetly, I haue cal'd you three or foure times
one after another.

A N. Sir, I hope I answered you three or foure times, one in the neck
of another. But if your good Worship haue lent me any more calls, tell
me, and I'll repay them as I am a Gentleman.

M E M. Leauie your rattle, had you come at first I had not spent so
much breath in vaine.

A N. The truth is Sir, the first time you called, I heard you not, the se-
cond I vnderstood you not, the third I knew not whether it were you
or no; the fourth I could not tell where you were, and that's the reason
I answered so suddenly.

M E M. Go sirra, runne, seeke euery where, I haue lost my purse some
where.

A N. I go sir; Go sirra, seeke, runne, I haue lost, bring, here's a Dogges
life with a poxe. Shal I be alwaies vsde like a water-spaniel. *Exit Anam.*

C O M. S. Come good Maister Register, I wonder you be so late
now-adaies.

M E M. My good Lord, I remember that I knew your Grand-father in
this your place, & I remember your Grand-fathers great Grand-fathers,
Grand-fathers Fathers, Father, yet in those daies I neuer remember that
any

any of them could say, that *Register Memory* ever broke one minute of his appointment.

COM. S. Why good Father, why are you so late now a daies?

MEM. Thus tis, the most customers I remember my selfe to haue, are (as your Lord-ship knowes) Schollers, and now a daies the most of them are become Crittickes, bringing me home such paltry things to lay vp for them, that I can hardly finde them againe.

P. H. *Iupiter, Iupiter*, I had thought these flies had bit none but my selfe, do Crittickes tickle you ysaith?

MEM. Very familiarly, for they must know of me, for-sooth, how euery idle word is writtē, in al the musty, moath-eatē *Mamm-scripts*, kept in all the old Libraries in euery City betwixt *England* and *Peru*. (is requisite.

COM. Indeed I haue noted these times to affect Antiquities more thē

MEM. I remember in the age of *Affaracus* and *Ninus*, and about the warres of *Thebes*, and the siege of *Troy*, there was few things committed to my charge, but those that were wel-worthy the preferuing; but now euery trifle must be wrapt vp in the volum of eternity, A rich Pudding-wife, or a Cobler, cannot die, but I must immortalize his name with an Epitaph: A dog cānot pisse in a Noblemans shoe, but it must be sprinkled into the Chronicles, so that I neuer could remember my Treasure more ful, and neuer emptier of honourable, and true heroycall actions.

P. H. By your leaue *Memory* you are not alone troubled, Chronologers many of them, are so phantasticke, as when they bring a Captaine to the Combate, listning vp his reuengefull arme to dispart the head of his enemy, they'le hold vp his armes so long, till they had bestowed three or foure Pages in describing the gold Hilt of his threatening Faulchion. So that in my fancy the Reader may well wonder his aduersary stabs him not before he strikes; Moreouer they are become most palpable flatterers, alwaies begging at my gates for Inuention.

COM. This is great fault in a Chronologer to turne Parasite; An absolute-History should be in feare of none, neither should he write any thing more then truth for friend-ship, or lesse for hate, but keepe himselfe equall and constant in all his discourses; but for vs we must bee contented, for as our honours encrease, so must the burthen of the cares of our offices vrge vs to waxe heauy.

P. H. But not till our backes breake, 'Slud there was neuer any so haunted as I am; This day there comes a Sophister to my house, knocks at my dore, his errand being ask'd, forsooth, his answer was to borrow a faire sute of conceits out of my Wardrop, to apparell a shew hee had in hand, and what thinke you is the plot?

COM. S. Nay I know not, for I am little acquainted with such toies.

LINGVA.

PHAN. Meane-while he's some-what acquainted with you, for he's bold to bring your person vpon the stage.

COM.S. What mee? I cannot remember that I was ever brought vpon the stage before.

PHAN. Yet, you, and you, and my selfe, with all my Phantrastical tricks and humors; but I trow, I haue fitted him with Fooleseries, I trust he'll neuer trouble me againe.

COM.S. O times, oh manners! when Boyes dare to traduce men in authority; was euer such an attempt heard?

MEM. I remember there was. For (to say the truth) at my last being at *Athens* (It is now, let me see, about 1800 yeares agoe) I was at a Comedie of *Aristophanes* making. (I shal neuer forget it) The Arch-gouernor of *Athens* tooke me by the hand and placed me, and there I say, I saw *Socrates* abused most grossely, himself being then a present spectator; I remember he sat full against me, and did not so much as shew the least countenance of discontent.

COM. In those daies it was lawfull, but now the abuse of such liberty is vsufferable.

PH. Thinke what you will of it, I thinke 'tis done, and I thinke it is acting by this time; harke, harke, what drumming's yonder, I'll lay my life they are come to present the shew I spake off.

COM.S. It may be so; stay, wee'll see what 'tis.

ACT.2. SCEN.5.

LINGVA MENDACIO. COMMVNIS SENSVS.

and the rest.

LING. Faine thy selfe in great hast.

MEND. I warrant you Madam: I doubt 'tis in vaine to run, by this they are all past ouer-taking.

COM.S. Is not this *Lingua* that is in such hast?

PHAN. Yes, yes, stand still. MEN. I must speake with him.

COM.S. With whom?

MEN. Assure your selfe they are all at Court ere this.

LING. Runne after them, for vnlesse he know it--- COM. *Lingua*,

LING. O, is't your Lordship? I beseech you pardon me, hast, and feare, I protest, put out my eies; I lookt so long for you, that I knew not when I had found you.

PH. In my conceit, that's like the man that enquired who saw his Ass, when himselfe rid on him.

LING. O my heart beates so, sic, sic, sic, sic.

MEN. I am so weary so, so, so.

Com.

L I N G U A.

C O M. I prethee *Lingua* make an end.

L I N G. Let me begin first I beseech you, but if you will needs have the end first, thus 'tis. The common-wealth of *Astrocopus* at this instant, suffers the pangs of death, 'tis gasping for breath. Will you have all? 'tis poisoned.

P H A N. What Pothecary durst be so bold as make such a concoction? ha, what poison is it? L I N G. A Golden Crown.

M E M. I mistake, or else *Galen* in his booke *De sanitare tuenda*, commends gold as restorative. C O M. S. *Lingua* expresse your selfe.

M E N. Madam if you want breath let me helpe you out.

L I N. I prethee do, do.

M E N. My Lord, the report is, that *Mercury* comming late into this country, in this very place, left a Coronet with this Inscription: *That the best of the five should haue it*, which the Senses thinking to belong vnto them-----

L I N. Challenge each other, and are now in armes, an't like your Lord-ship. C O M. S. I protest it likes not mee.

L I N. Their battails are, not farre hence, ready rang'd.

C O M. O monstrous presumption! what shall we do?

M E M. My Lord, in your great Grand-fathers time, there was, I remember such a breach amongst them, therefore my counsell is, that after his example, by the strength of your authority you conuent them before you.

C O M. *Lingua* go presently, command the Senses vpon their allegiance to our dread Soueraigne Queene *Psyche*, to dismisse their companies, & personally to appeare before me without any pretence of excuse.

L I N. I go my Lord.

P H. But heere you Madam, I pray you let your Pages tongue walk with vs a little, till you returne againe. L I N. With all my heart.

Exit Lingua.

A C T. 2. S C E N. 6.

P H. Hot youths I protest, saw you those war-like preparations?

M E N. Lately, my Lords, I spide into the Arme,
But oh, 'tis farre beyond my reach of wit.
Or strength of vtterance to describe their forces.

C O M. S. Go to, speake what thou canst.

M E N. Vpon the right hand of a spacious Hill,
Proud *Visus* marshalleth a puissant Army,
Three thousand Eagles strong, whose valiant Captaine,
Is *Jove* swift Thunder-beater, that same Bird,

That hoist vp *Ganymede* from the *Troyan* plaines
The vant-gard strengthned with a wondrous flight
Of Faulcons, Haggards, Hobbies, Terselets,
Lanards and Goshaukes, Spar-haukes, and rauinous Birds.
The re-ward granted to *Audius* charge
Is stoutly followed with an impetuous heard
Of stiffe-neckt Bulls, and many horne-mad Stagges,
Of the best head the Forrest can afford.

PHAN. I promise you a fearefull troupe of Souldiers.

MEND. Right opposite stands *Tullus* strongly man'd,
With three thousand bristled Vrchins for his Pike-men;
Foure hundred Tortesses for Elephants,
Besides a monstrous troupe of vgly Spiders,
Within an ambushment he hath commanded
Of their owne guts to spinne a cordage fine,
Whereof t'haue fram'd a net (O wondrous worke)
That fastned by the cōcaue of the Moone,
Spreds downe it selfe to th'earths circumference. (time.

MEM. 'Tis very strange, I cannot remember the like Engine at any

MEND. Nay more my Lord, the maskes are made so strong,
That I my selfe vpon them scal'd the heauens,
And boldly walk't about the middle Region,
Where in the Prouince of the Meteors,
I saw the cloudy shops of Haile and Raine,
Garners of snow, and Christsals full of dew,
Riuers of burning Arrowes, Dens of Dragons,
Huge beames of Flames, and Speares like Fire-brands,
Where I beheld hot *Mars* and *Mercury*,
With Rackets made of Spheres, and Balles of Starres,
Playing at Tennis for a Tunne of Nectar:
And that vast gaping of the Firmament
Vnder the Southerne-pole, is nothing else
But the great hazard of their Tennis Court:
The Zodiacke is the line: The shooting starres,
Which in an eye-bright euening seem'd to fall,
Are nothing but the Bals they loose at Bandy.
Thus hauing tooke my pleasure with those sights,
By the same net I went vp I descended.

COM.S. Well fitra to what purpose tends this stratagem?

MEN. None know directly, but I thinke it is,
T' intrap the Eagles, when the Battails ioyne.

PH. Who takes *Taffus* his part?

MEN. Under the standard of chieftie hardy *Taffus*
Thrice valiant *Gustus* leads his warlike *Fotters*,
An endlesse multitude of desperate *Apes*,
Five hundred Marmosets, and long-tail'd Monkeys,
All trained to the field, and nimble *Gunnars*.

PHA. Imagine there's old mouing amongst them; me-thinkes a
handfull of nuts would turne them all out of their souldiers coats.

MEN. Ramparts of Pasty-crust and forts of *Pies*,
Entrench'd with dishes full of Custard-stuffe
Hath *Gustus* made; and planted Ordinance,
Strange ordinance, Cannons of hollow Canes
Whose powder's Rape-seed, charged with Turnip-shot.

MEM. I remember in the Country of *Nepia*, they vse no other kind of
Artillery. COM.S. But what's become of *Olfactus*?

MEN. He pollitickely leanes to neither part,
But stands betwixt the Camps as at recte,
Hauing great wine his Pioners to entrench them.

PHA. In my foolish imagination *Olfactus* is very like the God-
desse of victory that neuer takes any part but the Conquerers.

MEN. And in the woods he placed secretly,
Two hundred couple of Hounds and hungry Mastiffes:
And ore his head, houer at his commande,
A cloud of Vultures, which o're spred the light,
Making a night before the day be done
But to what end not knowne but fear'd of all.

PHA. I coniecture he intends to see them fight, and after the battel
to feed his Dogs, Hogs, and Vultures vpon the murdered carcases.

MEN. My Lord, I thinke the fury of their anger will not be obe-
dient to the message of *Lingua*, for otherwise in my conceite they
should haue beene here e're this with your L. good liking wee lea-
tend vpon you to see the field for more certainerly. *It shall be so; Com.S.*
Come Maister Register let's walke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus. 3. Scœna. I.

ANAMNESTES, with a purse in his hand.

AN. Forsooth, *Oblivio* shut the dore vpon me, I could come no sooner
tho' is he nor here? O excellent. Would I were hang'd but I looke for a
soud rap on the pate & that made me before hand to lift vp this excuse.

for a Buckler, I know he is not at Court, for here is his purse, without which warrant there's no coming thither, wherefore now *Anamnestes* sport thy selfe a little, while thou art out of the prison of his company. What shall I do? by my troth anatomize his purse in his absence. *Please* send there be Jewels in it, that I may finely geld it of the stones. — *Lady* The best sure lies in the bottome — *poor on't* here's nothing but a company of worne-eaten papers; what's this? *Memorandum* that *Maister Prodiges* owes mee foure thousand pounds; and that his lands are in pawne for it: *Memorandum* that I owe; that he owes, 'tis well the old slave hath some care of his credite; to whom owes he trow I? that I owe *Anamnestes* what mee? I neuer lent him any thing; ha this is good, there's some thing coming to me more then I look'd for. Come on, what is't; *Memorandum* that I owe *Anamnestes*. — a breeching; I faith Sir I will ease you of that payment. (*Hee reads the Bill*): *Memorandum* that when I was a child *Robusto* tript vp my heeles at foote-ball; What a reuengefull dizard's this?

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

MENDACIO, with *Cushions* under his armes, trips up *Anamnestes* heeles.

MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES.

AN. How now.

MEN. Nothing, but lay you vpon a Cushion sir, how so?

AN. Nothing but lay the Cushion vpon you sir?

MEN. What my little *Naw*? by this foot I am sorry I mistooke thee.

AN. What my little *Men*? by this hand it grieues me I tooke thee so right; But firra whither with these Cushions?

MEN. To lay them here that the Iudges may sit softly least my *Lady Lingus*'s cause go hard with her.

AN. They should haue bene wrought with gold, these will doe nothing; But what makes thy Lady with the Iudges?

MEN. Pish, know'st not the sueth for the Title of a Sense, as well as the rest that beare the name of the *Pentarchy*?

AN. Will *Common-Sense* and my Maister leaue their affaires to determine that controuersie? *MEN.* Then thou hear'st nothing.

AN. What should I heare?

MEN. All the Senses fell out about a Crowne false from heauen & pitch't a field for it, but Vice-gerent *Common-sense* hearing of it tooke vpon him to vmpire the contention, in which regard he hath appointed them (their armes dismissed) to appeare before him, charging euery one to bring, as it were in a shew, their proper objects; that by them he may determine of their seuerall excellencies.

AN.

AN. When is all this? MEN. As soone as they can possible provide.

AN. But can he tell which deserves best by their obiects?

MEN. No; not only, for every Sense must describe his Instrument, that is his house where he performs his daily duty, so that by the obiect & the Instrument, my Lord can with great ease discern their place and

AN. His Lordships very wife.

MEN. Thou shalt heare all anon, fine Maister *Phantasie*, and thy Maister will be here shortly. But how is't my little Rogue? me thinks thou look'st leane vpon't.

AN. Alas how should I do otherwise, that lie all night with such a rawboned *Skeleton* as *Memory*, and ruine all day on his Errands. The Churle's growne so old and forgetfull, that every houre he's calling *Anamnestes*, remembrance, where art *Anamnestes*? Then presently some-thing's lost, poore I must runne for it, and these words, run boy, Come fira quick, quick, are as familiar with him as the Cough, neuer out on's mouth.

MEN. Alacke, atacke poore Rogue, I see my fortunes are better, my Lady loues me exceedingly; shee is alwaies kissing me, so that (I tell thee *Nam*) *Mendicio*'s neuer from betwixt her lippes.

AN. Nor out of *Memories* mouth, but in a worse sort, alwaies exercising my stumps, and which is more when he fauours best; then I am in the worst taking.

MEN. How so.

AN. Thus, when we are friends, then must I come and be dandled vpon his palse-quaking knees, and he'll tell me a long story of his acquaintance with King *Priamus*, and his familiarity with *Nessus*, & how he plaid at blow-point with *Iupiter* when he was in his side-coats, and how hee went to looke Bird-nests with *Arbours*, and where he was at *Dedications* flood, and twenty such old-wives-tales.

MEN. I wonder he being so old can talke so much.

AN. Nature thou know'st, (knowing what an vnruely Engine the tongue is) hath set teeth round about for watch-men, Now Sir, my Maister's old age hath caught out all his teeth, and that's the cause it runnes so much at liberty.

MEN. Phylsophicall?

AN. O but there's one-thing stings mee to the very heart to see an vgly foule, idle, fat, dusty, clog-head, called *Oblivio*, preferred before me, dost know him?

MEN. Who is he? But care not for his acquaintance, hang him block-head; I could neuer abide him. Thou Remembrance art the only friend that the armes of my friendship shall embrace, Thou hast heard *Oportet mendacem esse memorem*. But what of *Oblivio*?

AN. The very naming of him hath made me forget my self, O, O, O, O,

that

that Rascal is so made of every where. MEN. Who Oblivio

AN. I, for our Courtiers hug him continually in their vngateful bosomes, and your smooth-belly, fat-backe, barrel-panche, run-gutted drones are neuer without him, as for *Memory* he's a false-hearted fellow, he alwaies deceiues them, they respect not him, except it bee to play a game at *Chefts, Primero, Sawnt, Man*, or such like.

MEN. I cannot thinke such fellowes haue to doe with *Oblivio* since they neuer got any thing to forget.

AN. Againe, these prodigall swaggerers that are so much bound to their Creditors, if they haue but one Crosse about them, thei'le spend it in wine vpon *Oblivio*. MEN. To what purpose I prethee?

AN. Onely in hope hee'le wash them in the Lethe of their cares.

MEN. Why then no man cares for thee.

AN. Yes, a company of studious paper-wormes, and leane Schollers, and niggardly scraping Vsurers, and a troupe of heart-eating enuious persons, and those canker-stomackt spitefull creatures, that furnish vp common place-bookes with other mens faults. The time hath beene in those golden daies when *Saturne* raigned, that if a man receiued a benefit of another, I was presently sent for to put him in minde of it, but now in these Iron-after-noones, saue your friends life, and *Oblivio* will be more familiar with him then you.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 3.

HEURESIS. MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES.

HEUR. *Phantasies* not at Court? is't possible? 'tis the strangest accident that euer was hard of, I had thought the Ladies and Gallants would neuer lie without him.

AN. Hift, hift, *Mendacio* I prethee obserue *Heuresis*, it seemes he cannot finde his Maister, that's able to finde out all things; and art thou now at a fault, canst not finde out thine owne Maister? not? — I'll try one more. O yes. MEN. What a proclamation for him?

AN. I, I, his nimble head is alwaies full of proclamations.

HEUR. O yes. MEN. But doth he cry in the Wood?

AN. O good sir, and good reason, for every beast hath *Phantasie* at his pleasure.

HEUR. O yes, if any man can tell any tidings, of a spruce, neate, apish, nimble, fine, foolish, absurd, humorous, conceited, phantastick gallant, with hollow eies, sharp looke, swart complexion, meager face, wearing as many toies in his apparell as fooleries in his looke & gesture, let him come forth and certifie me thereof, and he shall haue for his reward —

ANA. I can tell you where he is, what shall he haue?

HEUR.

HEVR. A box o' the eare sirra, (*snaps*)

ANAM. How now Inuention, are you so quicke fingered? I'faith there's your principall sirra, (*snaps*) and here's the interest ready in my hand (*snaps*) *They fall together by the eares.*

Yea, haue you found out scratching? now I remember me.

HEVR. Do you bite you Rascall.

MEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, here's the liuely picture of this Axiome, *A quicke Inuention, and a good Memory can neuer agree*: Fie, fie, fie, *Heuresis*, beate him when he's downe?

ANA. Prethee let's alone, proud lacke-an-apes, I'le----

HEVR. What will you do?

ANA. Vntrusse thy points and whip thee, thou paltry-----

Let me go *Mendacio* if thou loust me, shall I put vp the----

MEN. Come, come, come, you shall fight no more in good faith: *Heuresis*, your Maister will catch you anon.

HEV. My Maister, where is he?

MEN. I'le bring you to him, come away.

HEVR. *Anamnesis*, I scorne that thou shouldst thinke I go away for feare of any thing thou canst do vnto me; here's my hand assoone as thou canst pick the least occasion, put vp thy finger, I am for thee.

Exit Mendacio and Heuresis.

AN. When thou dar'st *Heuresis*, when thou darst, I'le be as ready as thy selfe at any time.

This *Heuresis*, this Inuention, is the proudest Iack-an-apes, the pearrest selfe-conceited Boy that euer breath'd; because, forsooth, some odde Poet, or some such phantastick fellowes, make much on him, there's no ho with him, the vile dandi-prat wil o're-looke the proudest of his acquaintance; But wel I remember me, I learn't a trick t'other day to bring a boy o're the Thigh finely, if he come i'faith I'le tickle him with it.

Mendacio comes running backe in great hast.

MEN. As I am a Rascall *Nam* they are all comming, I see Maister Register trudging hither, as fast as his three feet will carry vp his foure Ages.

ACTVS.3. SCENA.4.

MEMORIA. ANAMNESSES.

MEM. Ah you leaden heel'd Rascall. (you make?)

ANA. Here 'tis Sir, I haue it, I haue it. MEM. Is this all the hast

ANA. An't like your Worship your clog-head *Oblivio* went before me, and foil'd the traile of your foote-steps, that I could hardly undertake the quest of your purse, forsooth.

E

MEM.

MEM. You might haue bene here long ere this; Come hither fast, come higher; what must you go round about? goodly, goodly, you are so full of circumstances.

AN. In truth Sir, I was here before, and missing you, went back into the City, sought you in euery Ale-house, Inne, Tauerne, Dicing-house, Tennis-Court, Stewes, and such like places, likely to finde your Worship in.

MEM. Ha villaine, am I a man likely to be found in such places? had

AN. No, no, sir; sir but I was told by my Lady *Lingua's* page, that your Worship was seeking me, therefore I enquired for you in those places where I knew you would aske for me, and it please your Worship,

MEM. I remember another quarrell sirra; but well, well, I haue no leasure.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS. LINGVA. PHANTASTES.

MEMORY. ANAMNESSES.

COM.S. *Lingua*, the Senses by our appointment anon are to present their objects before vs; seeing therefore they be not in readinesse, we license you in the meane while, either, in your owne person, or by your Aduocate, to speake what you can for you selfe.

LING. My Lord, If I should bring before your Honour all my friends ready to importune you in my behalfe, I should haue so many Rhetoricians, Logicians, Lawyers; and, which is more, so many Women to attend me, that this Groue would hardly containe the Company; wherefore, to auoide the tediousnesse, I will lay the whole cause vpon the tip of mine owne tongue.

COM.S. Be as brieue as the necessity of our short time requires.

LING. My Lord, though the *Imbecillitas* of my feeble sexe, might draw me backe from this Tribunall, with the *habentis*, to wit, *Timoris*, & the *Catenis Pudoris*, notwithstanding being so fairely led on with the gratious intreaties of your iustissima indignitas. Especially so aspremetis spurs con gli spronidi necessita miapungente, I wil, without the helpe of Orators, commit the totam salutem of my action to the Volatibilitati non potestatis vestre, Which (*auec vostre bonne playseur*) I will finish with more then *Lacrimis breuitate*.

COM.S. What's this? here's a Gallemasfry of speech indeed;

MEM. I remember about the yeare 1602 many vsed this skew kind of language: Which in my opinion, is not much vnlike the man *Platony* the Sonne of *Lagu* King of *Egypt*, brought for a spectacle, half white, halfe blacke.

Com. I am perswaded these same language-makers haue the very quality of cold in their wit, that freezeth all *Heterogeneous* Languages together, congealing *English* Tyn, *Grecian* Gold, *Roman* Lattin al in a lump.

P. n. n. Or rather, in my imagination, like your phantastickall Guls apparell, wearing a *Spanish* Felt, a *French* Doubler, a *Grenado* Stocking, a *Dutch* Shoo, an *Italian* Cloake, with a *Polish* Fife Jerkin.

Co m. S. Well, leaue your toying, wee cannot plucke the least feather from the soft wing of time. Therefore *Lingua* go on, but in a more formall manner, you know an ingenious Oration must neither swell about the Bankes, with insolent words; nor creepe too shallow in the ford, with vulgar termes; but runne equally, smooth, and cheerefull through the cleane current of a pure stile.

L I N G. My Lord, this one thing is sufficient to confirme my worth to be equall, or better then the Senses, whose best operations are nothing till I polish them with perfection; for their knowledge is onely of things present, quickly sublimed with the swift file of time, whereas the tongue is able to recount things past, and often pronounce things to come, by this meanes re-edifying such Excellencies, as Time & Age doe easily depopulate.

Co m. S. But what profitable seruice do you vndertake for our dread Queene *Pyssche*?

L I N G. O! how I am raiust to thinke how infinitely she hath graced mee with her most acceptable seruice. But about all (which you Maister Register well remember) when her Highnesse taking my mouth for her instrument, with the Bow of my tongue, strooke so heauenly touch vpon my teeth, that she charmed the very Tigers a sleepe, thy lystning Beares and Lyons, to couch at her feete, while the Hilles leaped, and the Woods danced, to the sweete harmony of her most Angelicall accents.

Ma m. I remember it very well, *Orpheus* plaid vpon the Harpe while she sang, about some foure yeares after the contention betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, and a little before the exoriation of *Marfius*.

A n. By the same token the Riuer *Alpheus*, at that time, pursuing his beloued *Arcadia*, dischanel'd himselfe of his former course to be per-taker of their admirable consort, and the musicke being ended, thrust himselfe head-long into the earth, the next way to follow his amorous chase; if you go to *Arcadia* you shall see his comming vp againe.

Co m. S. Forward *Lingua* with your reason.

L I N G. How oft hath her Excellency imployed me as Embassadour in her most vrgent affaires to forreigne Kings & Emperours, I may say to the Goddes themselves? How many bloudlesse battels haue my

perswasions attained, when the Senses forces haue bin vanquished: how many Rebels haue I reclaimed, when her sacred authority was little regarded? Her Lawes (without exprobatō be it spoken) had bin altogether vnpublished, her will vnperformed, her illustrious deeds vnrenowned, had not the silver sound of my Trumpet filled the whole circuit of the Vniuerse with her deserved fame? Her Cities would dissolue, Traffique would decay, friend-ships be broken, were not my speech the knot, *Mercury* and *Musique*, to blinde, defend, & glew them together. What shall I say more? I can neuer speake enough of the vnspeakeable praise of speech, wherein I can find no other imperfection at all, but that the most exquisite power and excellency of speech, cannot sufficiently expresse the exquisite power and excellency of speaking.

C O M. S. *Lingua* your seruice and dignity we confesse to be great, nerthelesse these reasons proue you not to haue the nature of Sense.

L I N G. By your Lordships fauour, I can soone proue that a Sense is a faculty by which our Queene sitting in her priuy Chamber hath intelligence of exterior occurrents, That I am of this nature I proue thus.

The object which I challenge is ————— Enter Appetitus in hast.

A P. Stay, stay my Lord, defer I beseech, defer the iudgement.

C O M. S. Who's this that boldly interrupts vs thus? hum.

A P. My name is *Appetitus*, common seruant to the Pentarchy of the Senses, who vnderstanding that your Honour was handling this action of *Linguaes* sent me hither thus hastily, most humbly requesting the Bench to consider these Articles they alleage against her, before you proceed to iudgement.

C O M. S. Hum, here's good stuffe, Maister Register read them: *Appetitus* you may depart and bid your Mistresse make conuenient speed.

A P. At your Lordships pleasure. *Exit Appetitus.*

M E M. I remember that I forgot my spectacles, I left them in the 349. page of *Halles Chronicle*, where he tels a great wonder of a multitude of Mice which had almost destroyed the Countrey, but that there resorted a great mighty flight of Owles that destroyed them; *Animus* mustes read these Articles distinctly.

I. Article. A N A. *Inprimis* we accuse *Lingua* of high Treason and sacriledge, against the most Honourable Common-wealth of Letters, for vnder pretence of profiting the people with Translations, she hath most vily prostituted the hard mysteries of vnkowne Languages to the prophane cares of the vulgar.

P H. This is as much as to make a new hel in the vpper world, for in hel they say *Alexander* is no better then a Cobler, & now by these Translations euery Cobler is as familiar with *Alexander*, as he that wrote his life.

L I N G U A .

2. Art. *ANA.* Item that shee hath wrongfully imprisoned a Lady called *Veritas*.

3. Art. Item that she's a Witch, & exerciseth her tongue in exorcismes.

4. Art. Item that she's a common whore, & lets euery one lie with her.

5. Art. Item that she railles on men in Authority, deprauing their Honours with bitter iests and taunts, and that she's a backe-byter, setting striffe berwixt bosome friends.

6. Art. Item that she lends wiues weapons to fight against their husbands.

7. Art. Item that she maintaines a traine of prating petty-foggers, prouling-Sumners, smoth-tongu'd Bawdes, Art-lesse Emperickes, hungry Parasites, Newes-carriers, Ianglers, and such like idle companions, that delude the Commonalty.

8. Art. Item that she made Rethorique wanton, Logicke to babble, Astronomy to lie.

9. Art. Item, that she is an incontinent Tel-tale.

10. Art. Item (which is the last and worst) that she's a Woman in euery respect, and for these causes not to be admitted to the dignity of a Sense. That these Articles be true we pawne our honors, and subscribe our names.

1. *Visus*, 4. *Olfactus*.

2. *Gustus*.

3. *Auditus*, 5. *Tactus*.

COM. S. Lingua, these be shrewde allegations, and, as I think, vn-answerable; I will deferre the iudgement of your cause till I haue finished the contention of the Senses.

LING. Your Lordships must be obeyed, but as for them most vngratefull and perfidious wretches.

COM. S. Good words become you better, you may depart if you will, till we send for you. *Ananias* run, remember *Visus*, tis time he were ready.

ANA. I Go (*Exit ANA. & redit*) hee staies here, expecting your Lordships pleasure.

ACT. 3. SCENA. 6.

A Page carrying a Scutebion argent, charged with an Eagle displayed proper then Visus with a Fan of Peacocks Feathers, next Lumen with a Crowne of Bayes, and a Shield with a bright Sunne in it, apparalled in Tyssus, then a Page bearing a Shield before Calum, clad in Azare Tassata, dimpled with Stars, a Crowne of Starres on his head, & a Scarfe resembling the Lodincke

whereas the goodliest picture a Page clad in green with a terrestiall Globe
before Tetra, in a green velvet Gowne, stuck with branches, and flowers; a
Gowne of Thursts upon her head, in her hand a key; then a Herald, lea-
ding in his hand Colour, clad in changeable Silke, with a Raine-bow on
of a Cloud on her head, last a Boy: Visus marshalleth his show about the
Stage, and presents it before the Benches.

VISVS. LVMEN. COELVM. PHANTASTES.
COMMVNIS SENSVS. MEMOY.

VIS. Lo here the object that delights the sight,
The goodliest objects that mans heart can wish;
For all things that the Orbe first moueable,
Wrappes in the circuite of his large-stretcht armes,
Are subiect to the power of *Visus* eyes,
That you may know what profit light doth bring,
Note *Lumens* words that speakes next following.

LVMEN. Light, the faire Grand-child to the glorious Sunne,
Opening the casements of the Rosie Morne,
Makes the abashed heauens soone to shunne,
The vgly darkenesse it embrac'd before;
And at his first appearance puts to flight,
The vtmost reliques of the hel-borne night.
This heauenly sheild soone as it is dislaid,
Dismayes the vices, that abhorre the light:
To wanderers by Sea and Land giue aide,
Conquers display, re-comforteth affright,
Roweth dull Idlenesse, and starts soft sleepe,
And all the world to daily labour keepe.
This a true looking glasse impartill,
Where Beauties selfe, her selfe doth beautifie,
With native hue, not artificall,
Discovering fallshood, opening verity.
The daies bright eye, colours distinction;
Iust iudge of measure and proportion.
The onely meanes by which each mortallie,
Sends messengers to the wide Firmament,
That to the longing soule brings presently
High contemplation and deepe wonderment:
By which aspiement she her wings displays,
And her selfe thither whence she came vprais'd.

PH.A. What blew thing's that, that's dappled so with starres?

VIS. He represents the heauen.

PH.A. In my conceit it were pretty, if he thundred when he speaks.

VIS. Then none could vnderstand him.

COE L. Tropicke colours the Equinoſtiall,

The Zodiacke poles, and line Eclipſicall;

The Nadaz, Zenith, and Anomalies,

The Azimuth and Ephimerides,

Starres, Orbes, and Planets, with their motions,

The Orientall Regrations,

Excentricks, Epicycles, and—and—and—

PH. How now *Viſus*, is your heauen at a ſtay?

Or is it his *Motus trepidationis* that makes him ſtammer?

I pray you *Memory* let him agate againe.

MEM. I remember when *Iupiter* made *Amphitrio* Cuckold, and lay with his wife *Alcmena*, *Caſtium* was in this taking for three daies ſpace, and ſtood ſtill juſt like him at a *non plus*.

COM.S. Leaue your ieſting, you'le put the fiſh Act out of countenance. COE L. Excentricks, Epicycles, and Aspects,

In Sextile, Trine, and Quadrate, which effects

Wonders on earth; alſo the Oblique part

Of ſignes, that make the day both long and ſhort,

The Conſtellations riſing Coſmicall,

Setting of Starres, Chronicke, and Heliacall,

In the Orizon or Meridionall.

And all the ſkill in deepe Aſtronomie,

Iſ to the ſoule deriued by the eie.

PH. *Viſus*, you haue made *Caſtium* an heavenly ſpeech, paſt earthly capacity, it had beene as good for him to thundred. But I pray you who taught him to ſpeake and vſe no other? me-thinkes it had beene excellent to haue turn'd round about in his ſpeech.

VIS. He hath ſo many motions he knowes not which to begin withal.

PH.A. Nay rather it ſeemes he's of *Copernicus* opinion, and that makes him ſtand ſtill.

*Terra comes to the miſt of the Stage, ſtands ſtill
a while ſaith nothing, and ſtaps backe.*

COM.S. Let's heare what *Terra* can ſay—juſt nothing.

VIS. And it like your Lordſhip; 'twere an *indiscreetum* *Terra* ſhould ſpeake.

MEM. You are deceiu'd; for I remember when *Phaeton* rul'd the Sun, I ſhall neuer forget him, he was a very pretty youth, the Earth opened her mouth wide, and ſpoke a very good ſpeech to *Iupiter*.

AN. By the same token *Nylus* hid his head then, he could neuer find it since.

PHA. You know *Memory* that was an extreme hot day, and 'tis likely *Terra* sweat much, and so tooke cold presently after, that ever since she hath lost her voyce.

HERAULD. A *Canton Ermines* added to the field, is a sure signe the man that bore these Armes, was to his Prince as a defensive shield, saving him from the force of present Armes.

PH. I know this fellow of old, 'tis a Heralde, many a Centaure, Chimera, Barnacle, Crocadile, Hippotame & such like toyes, hath he stolne out of the shop of my Invention, to shape new coates for his vpstart Gentlemen. Either *Affrica* must breed more monsters, or you make fewer Gentlemen, Maister *Herauld*, for you have spent all my deuises already. But since you are here, let me aske you a question in your own profession: How comes it to passe that the victorious Armes of *England* quartered with the conquered Coate of *France*, are not placed on the dexter side, but giue the Flower-deluce the better hand?

H. B. Because that the three Lyons are one coate made of two French Duke-dome, *Normandy* and *Aquataine*; but I pray you *Visus* what I saye is that that followes him?

VIS. 'Tis *Color* an object of mine, subiect to his commandement.

PHA. Why speakes he not?

VIS. He is so bashfull, he dares not speake for blushing, What thing is that? tell me without delay.

A B O Y. that's nothing of it selfe, yet euery way
As like a Man, as a thing; like my bee,
And yet so vnlike as cleane contrary,
For in one point it euery way doth misse,
The right side of it a mans left side is,
'Tis lighter then a Feather, and withall
It fills no place, nor roomes it is so small.

COM.S. How now *Visus* haue you brought a boy with a riddle to pose vs all.

PH. Pose vs all? and I here, that were a iest indeed; My Lord, if he haue a *Sphinx*, I haue an *Oedipus* assure your self, let's heare it once again.

BOY. What thing is that Sir.

PHA. This such a knotty *Enigm*? why my Lord, I thinke it's a Woman, for first a Woman is nothing of her-selfe, and againe she is likest a man of any thing. COM.S. But wherein is she vnlike?

PH. In euery thing, in pceiushnesse, in folly. ——— 't'st Boy.

HEV. In pride, deccite, prating, lying, cogging, coynees, spite, hate Sir.

PHA.

L I N G U A .

P H A. And in many moe such vices: Now he may well say, the left side a mans right side is, for a crosse wife is alwaies contrary to her husband, euer contradicting what he wisheth for, like to the verse in *Marshall Velle tuum*. M E M. *Velle tuum volo, Digne nolle volo.* Digne

P H. Lighter then a feather, doth any man make question of that?

M E M. They need not, for I remember I saw a Cardinall weigh them once, and the Woman was found three graines lighter.

C O M. S. 'Tis strange, for I haue seene Gentiewomen weare feathers oftentimes, can they carry heauier things then themselues?

M E M. O fir, I remember, 'tis their onely delight to do so.

C O M. S. But how apply you the last verse, it fills no place Sir?

P H A N. By my faith, that spoiles all the former, for these Fardingals take vp all the roome now a daies, 'tis not a woman questionlesse: Shall I be put downe with a Riddle? firrah *Hemphis* search the corners of your conceite, and finde it me quickly.

H A V R. Hay *ууууу, ууууу*. I haue it, 'tis a mans face in a looking-glasse.

P H. My Lord, 'tis so indeed, firrah let's see it, for do you see my right eye here? C O M. S. What of your eye.

P H. O Lord fir, this kind of frowne is excellent, especially when 'tis sweetned with such a pleasing smile. C O M. S. *Phantastes?*

P H. O fir, my left eie is my right in the glasse, doe you see? by these lips my Garters hang so neatly, my Gloues and Shooes become my hands and feete so well: *Hemphis* tie my shooes strings with a new knot;—this point was scarce wel trust,—so, 'tis excellent,—Looking-glasses were a passing inuention, I protest the fittest bookes for Ladies to study on——

M E M. Take heed you fall not in loue with your selfe *Phantastes*, as I remember: *Anamnestes*, who wast that died of the looking-disease?

A N. Forsooth *Narcissus*, by the same token he was turned to a Daffadill: And as he died for loue of himselfe, so (if you remember) there was an old ill-fauoured, pretious-nosed, babber-lipt, beetle-browed, Bleerey'd, slouch-ear'd-flaue that looking himselfe by chance in a glasse, died for pure hate. P H. By the lip of my—I could liue & die with this face.

C O M. S. Fie, fie *Phantastes*, so effeminate for shame leaue off. *Vitus* your obiects I must needs say are admirable, if the house and instrument be answerable, let's here therefore in brieft your description.—

V I S. Vnder the fore-head of Mount *Cephalon*, That ouer-peeres the coast of *Myrocossus*, All in the shadow of two pleasant Groues, Stand my two Mansion-houses, both as round As the cleere *heslums*, both twins, so like each other

L I N G U A

As Starre to Starre, which by the vulgar sort,
For their resplendent composition,
Are nam'd the bright eies of Mount *Cephalon*:
With foure faire roomes those lodgings are contriued.
Foure goodly roomes in forme most Sphericall,
Closing each other like the heauenly Orbes:
The first whereof, of Natures substance wrought
As a strange Moate the other to defend,
Is trained moueable by Art Diuine
Stirring the whole compacture of the rest:
The second chamber is most curiously
Composed of burnisht, and transparant horne,

PHAN. That's a matter of nothing, I haue knowne many haue such
bed-chambers.

M E M. It may be so, for I remember being once in the Townes Li-
brary, I read such thing in their great booke of Monuments called
Cornu-copia, or rather their *Copia-Cornu*.

V R S. The third's a lesser roome of purest glasse,
The fourth's smallest, but passeth all the former;
In worth of matter, built most sumptuously:
With wals transparant of pure Christaline,
This the soules mirror, and the bodies guide,
Loues Cabinet bright Beacons of the Realme,
Casements of light quiver of Cupids shafts:
Wherein I sit and immediately receiue,
The species of things corporeall,
Keeping continuall watch and centinell:
Least forreigne hurt invade our *M. crocesma*,
And warning giue, (if pleasant things approach)
To entertaine them; from this coastly roome
Leadeth, my Lord, an entry to your house,
Through which I hourly to your selfe conuey
Matters of wisdom by experience bred:
Arts first inuention, pleasant wisdom,
Deepe contemplation, that adores the soule
In gorgeous robes of flowing literatures:
Then if that *Visus* haue defouled best,
Let his victorious Brow, with Crowne he blest

C O M. S. *Anamnestes* see who's to comenext.

A N A. Presently my Lord.

P H A. *Visus*, I wonder that amongst all your pleasures, you preferred

L I N G V A.

vs not with *Platoes Idea*, or the sight of *Ninive*, *Babylon*, *London*, or some Stur-bridge-faire-monsters, they would haue done passing well, those motions, in my imagination, are very delightfull.

V i s. I was loath to trouble your Honours with such toiles, neither could I prouide them in so short a time.

C o m. S. We wil consider your worth, meane while we dismisse you.

*Visus leads his shew about the Stage,
and so goeth out with it.*

ACT. 3. SCEN. vltima.

AUDITVS. &c.

A v d. Hearke, hearke, hearke, hearke; peace, peace, O peace; O sweet, admirable, Swan-like, heavenly; hearke, O most mellifluous straine, O what apleasant close was there, O full, most delicate.

C o m. S. How now *Phantastes*, is *Auditus* mad?

P h. Let him alone, his muscical head is alwaies ful of odde crotchets.

A v d. Did you marke the dainy driuing of the last point? an excellent maintaining of the song, by the choise timpan of mine eare, I neuer heard a better, list, list, hearke, why there's a cadence able to rauish the dullest Stoicke. C o m. S. I know not what to thinke on him.

A v d. There, how sweetely the plaine-song was dissolued into descant? and how easily they came off with the last rest? hearke, hearke, the bitter-sweetest Achromaticke. C o m. S. *Auditus*.

A v d. [Thanks good *Appollo* for this timely grace, neuer could'st thou in fitter: O more then muscical harmony! O most admirable confort! haue you no eares? do you not heare this Musicke?

P h. It may be good, but in my opinion, they rest too long in the beginning.

A v d. Are you then deafe? doe you not yet perceiue the wondrous sound the heavenly Orbes doe make with their continuall motion? hearke, O hony sweete. C o m. S. What tune do they play?

A v d. Why such a tune as neuer was, nor euer shall be heard, marke now, now marke, now, now. P h. A. List, list, list.

A v d. Hearke, O sweete, sweete, sweete.

P h. A. List, now my heart enuies my happy eares; his list, by the gold strung Harpe of *Apollo*, I heare the celestiaall musick of the Sphaeres, as plainly as euer *Pythagoras* did. O most excellent diapason! good, good, good. It plaies fortune my foe, as distinctly as may be.

C o m. S. As the foole thinketh, so the bell clinketh; I protest I heare no more then a Pease.

P. N. A. What, the Lauata hay? nay if the heauens fiddle, *Phaesy* must needs dance.

C. M. S. Prethee sit still, thou must dance nothing but the passing measures. *Memory* do you heare this harmony of the Spheares?

M. M. Not now my Lord; but I remember about some 4000. yeares ago, when the skie was first made we heard very perfectly.

A. N. By the same token the first tune the Planets plaied, I remember *Venus* the treble ranne sweete diuision vpon *Saturne* the base. The first tune they played was *Sellengers* round, in memory whereof euer since, it hath bene called the beginning of the world.

C. M. S. How comes it, we cannot heare it now?

M. M. Our eares are so well acquainted with the sound, that we neuer marke it. As I remember the *Egyptian Catadupes* neuer heard the roaring of the fall of *Nylus* because the noise is so familiar vnto them.

C. M. S. Haue you no other obiects to iudge by then these *Andians*?

A. V. D. This is the rarest and most exquisite,
Most Sphericall, Diuine, Angelicall,
But since your duller eares cannot performe it,
May it please your Worship to with-draw your selfe,
Vnto this neighbouring Groue, there shall you see
How the sweete treble of the chirping Birds,
And the soft stirring of the moued leaues,
Running delightfull, descant to the sound,
Of the base murmuring of the bubling Brooke
Becomes a consort of good instruments.
While twenty babling Ecchoes round about,
Out of the stony concaue of their mouth:
Restore the vanisht musicke of each close,
And fill your eares full with redoubled pleasure.

C. M. S. I will walke with you very willingly, for I grow weary of sitting. Come Maister *Register* and Maister *Phantastes*, *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus. 4. Scoena. I.

MENDACIO. ANAMNESTES. HEVRESIS.

M. E. N. Prethee *Nam* be perswaded, it's not better go to a feast; then stay here for a fray?

A. N. A. A feast? dost thinke *Andians* will make the Iudges a feast?

M. E. N. Faith I, why should he cary them to his house else?

A. N. A. Way sirra to heare a set or two of songs, I'llid his banquers.

are nothing but fish; all foll, foll, foll. He teach thee wit boy; never go me to a Musitions house for junkets, vnlesse thy stomacke lies in thine eares; for there is nothing but commending this songs delicate aire, that moteets dainey aire, this sonnets sweete aire; that madrigals melting aire, this dirgeffe mournefull aire; this Church aire, that Chamber aire; French aire, English aire, Italian aire; why Lad, they be pure Camellions, they feed ouely vpon the aire.

MEN. Camellions? He besowrne some of your Fiddlers be rather Cammels, for by their good-wills they will neuer leaue eating.

AN. True, & good reason, for they do nothing all the day but stretch and grate their small guts; but o, yonders the Ape *Heuresis*: let me go I prethee. MEN. Nay good now stay a little, let's see his humour.

HEVR. I see no reason to the contrary, for we see the quintessence of wine will conuert water into wine; why therefore should not the Elixar of gold turne lead into pure gold?

MEN. Ha, ha, ha, ha, he is turn'd Chimick sirra, it seemes so by his talk?

HEV. But how shall I deuise to blow the fire of Beech-coles, with a continuall & equall blast? ha? I will haue my bellowes driuen with a wheele, which wheele shall be a selfe-mouer.

ANA. Here's old turning, these Chimiekes seeking to turne Lead into Gold, turne away all their owne Siluer,

HEV. And my wheele shall be Geometrically proportioned into 7. or 9. concaue incircled armes, wherein I will put equall poysses, hai, hai, hai, *supra, supra*, I haue it, I haue it, I haue it. MEN. *Heuresis?*

HEV. But what's best to containe the Quicke-siluer? ha?

AN. Do you remember your promise *Heuresis?*

HEV. It must not be Yron, for Quicke-siluer is the tyrant of Mettles, and will soone fret it. AN. *Heuresis, Heuresis?*

HEV. Nor Brasse, nor Copper, nor Mastlin, nor Minerall, *supra, supra* I haue it, I haue it, it must bee.

AN. You haue indeed sirra; and thus much more then you looked for, (*snappe.*)

Heuresis and Anamnestes about to fight, but Mendacio parts them.

MEN. You shall not fight; but if you will alwaies disagree, let's haue words & no blowes; *Heuresis*, what reason haue you to fall out with him?

HEV. Because he is alwaies abusing me, and takes the vpper hand of me euery where. AN. And why not sirra? I am thy better in any place.

HEV. Haue I bene the Author of the seuen liberall Sciences, and consequently of all learning? Haue I bene the Patron of all Mechanicall deuises to bee thy inferiour? I tell thee *Anamnestes* thou hast not so much as a point but thou art beholding to me for it.

L I N G U A.

ANA. Good, good, but what had your inuention beene, but for my remembrance: I can proue, that thou belly-sprung Inuention, art the most improfitable member in the world, for euert since thou wert born, thou hast bene a bloody murtherer, and thus I proue it. In the quiet yeares of *Saturne* (I remeber *Iupiter* was then but in his swath-bands) thou rentest the bowels of the earth, and broughst gold to light, whose beauty (like *Hellen*) set all the world by the eares; then vpon that thou foundest our Iron, & puttest weapons in their hands; & now in the last populus age, thou taught a scab-shin Frier, the hellish inuention of powder & Guns.

HEV. Cal'st it hellish? thou liest, it is the admirablest Inuention of all others; for whereas others imitate nature, this excels nature herselfe.

MEN. True, for a Cannon will kill as many at one shot, as Thunder doth commonly at twenty.

AN. Therefore more murthering art thou then the Light-bolt.

HEVR. But to shew the strength of my conceite, I haue found out a meanes to withstand the stroke of the most violent culuering: *Mendacio* thou sawst it when I demonstrated inuention.

AN. What? some Wool-packs? or Mud-wals? or such like?

HEVR. *Mendacio* I prethee tell it him, for I loue not to be a Trumpetter of mine owne praises.

MEN. I must needs confesse this deuise to passe all that euert I heard or saw, and thus it was; First he takes a Faulcon and charges it without all deceipts, with dry powder well canphred, then did he put in a single Bullet, and a great quantity of drop shop both round & lachrimall: this done he sets me a Boy 60. paces off, iust point blance ouer against the mouth of the Peece, now in the very midst of the direct line he fastens a post, vpon which he hangs me in a cord, a Siderite of Herculean-stone.

ANA. Well, well, I know it wel, it was found out in *Ida*, in the yeare of the world—by one *Magnes*, whose name it retaines, though vulgarly they call it an Adamant.

MEN. When he had hang'd this Adamant in a cord, he comes back, and giues fire to the tutch-hole, now the powder consumed to a voided vacuum.

HEVR. Which is intollerable in nature, for first shal the whole Machine of the world, heauen, earth, sea, and aire, returne to the mishapen house of Chaos, then the least vacuum be found in the vniuerse.

MEN. The Bullet and drop-shop most impetuously from the fierie throate of the Culuering, (but O strange) no sooner came they nere the Adamant in the cord, but they were all arrested by the Sergeant of Nature, and hovered in the aire round about it, till they had lost the force of their motion, clasping themselves close to the stone in most louely manner,

maner, and not any one flew to endanger the marke, so much did they remember their duty to nature, that they forgot the errand they were

A N. This is a very artificiall lie. (sent of.)

M E N. *Nam* beleue it, for I saw it, and which is more, I haue practised this deuise often: Once when I had a quarrell with one of my Lady *Veritas* naked knaues, and had pointed him the field, I couaide into the heart of my Buckler an Adamant, and when we met, I drew all the foyntes of his Rapier, wheresoeuer he intended, or how soeuer I guided mine arme, pointed still to the midst of my Buckler; so that by this meanes, I hurt the Knaue mortally, and my selfe came away vntoucht to the wonder of all the beholders.

A N. Sirra you speake Metaphorically, because thy wit *Mendacio* alwaies drawes mens obiections to thy fore-thought excuses.

H E V R. *Anamnestes* tis true, and I haue an addition to this, which is to make the Bullet, shot from the enemy, to returne immediately vpon the Gunner; but let these passe, and say the worst thou canst against me.

A N. I say Guns were found out for the quicke dispatch of mortality, & when thou sawst men grow wise, & beget so faire a child as Peace, of so soule & deformed a mother as War, least there should be no murder thou deuisest poyson. M E N. Nay sic *Nam*, vige him not too faste.

A N. And last, and worst, thou foundest our Cookery, that kills more then weapons, guns, warres, or poysons; and would destroy all; but that thou inuented Physicke, that helps to make away some.

H E V R. But sirra, besides all this, I deuised Pillories for such forging villaines as thy selfe.

A N A. Calst me villaine?

They fight and are parted by Mendacio.

M E N. You shall not fight as long as I am here, giue ouer I say.

H E V R. *Mendacio* you offer me great wrong to hold mee, in good faith I shall fall out with you.

M E N. Away, away, away, you are Inuention, are you not?

H E V R. Yes sir, what then? M E N. And you Remembrance?

A N A M. Well sir, well,

M E N. Then I will be *Iudicium* the moderator betwixt you, & make you both friends; come, come, shake hands, shake hands.

H E V R. Well, well, if you will needs haue it so

A N A. I am in some sort content.

Mendacio walks with them, holding them by the hands.

M E N. Why this is as it should be, when *Mendacio* hath *Inuention* on the one hand, and *Remembrance* on the other: as he le be sure neuer to be found with truth in his mouth; so he scornes to be taken in a lie, ha, ha, ha, my fine wags, whilst. A N. Whilst. H a v. Whilst.

ACT.

ACT 4. SCENE 2.

Communis Sensus, Memory, Phantasties, Heuresis, Anamnestes, take
their places on the Bench as before, Auditor on the Stage, a Page before him
bearing his Targit, the field sable, an heari, next him Tragedus apporalled
in blacke Velvet, faire Buskins, a Fauchion, &c. then Comedus in a light
coloured greene Tassata robe, silke stockings, pumps, glones, &c.

COMMUNIS SENSUS, MEMORY, PHANTASTES,
HEURESIS, ANAMNESTES, &c.

COM. S. They had some reason that held the soule a harmony, for it
is greatly delighted with Musique, how fast we were tyed by the eares
to the confort of voices powder? but all is but a little pleasure, what
profitable obiects hath he?

PHA. Your eares will teach you presently, for now he's comming,
that fellow in the Bayes me-thinkes I should haue knowne him, & 'tis
Commedus 'tis so, but he is become now a daies some-thing humorous,
& too too Satyricall vp & downe, like his great grand-father *Aristo-*

AV. These two my Lord Comedus and Tragedus, (phanes,
My fellowes both, both twins, but so vnlike
As birth to death, wedding to funerall:
For this that reares himselfe in buskins quainte,
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end.

That in the pumpe doth frowne at first acquaintance,
Trouble in the midst, but in the end concludes:

Closing vp all with a sweete catastrophe,

This graue, and sad, disdaine, with brinish teares,

That light and quicke, with wrinckled laughter painted,

This deales with Nobles, Kings, and Emperours,

Full of great feares, great hopes, great enterprises:

This other trades with men of meane condition,

His proiects small, small hopes, and dangers little,

This gorgeous, broidered with rich sentences:

That faire, and puffed round with merriments,

Both vice detect, and vertue beautifie,

By being death mirrour, and lifes looking-glasse.

COM. S. *Salutem iam primum a principio propitium.*

Mibi atque Vobis spectatores munitio.

PHA. Pish, pish, this is a speech with no action, let's here *Terrare, Quid
ipsum faciam, &c.*

COM. S. *Quid ipsum faciam? non enim me nunc quidem cum nunc*

LINGVA.

P. H. Phy, phy, phy, no more action, lend me your Bales, do it thus:
Quid igitur &c. (he acts it after the old kinde of *Pantomimicke* action.)

C. O. M. S. I should iudge this action *Phantastes* most absurd, vnlesse
 we should come to a Commedy, as Gentlewomen to the Commence-
 ment, onely to see men speake.

P. H. In my imagination it's excellent, for in this kind, the hand (you
 know) is harbinger to the tongue, and provides the words a lodging in
 the eares of the Auditors.

C. O. M. S. *Auditis* it is now time you make vs acquainted with the
 quality of the house you keepe in for our better helpe in iudgement.

A. V. D. Vpon the sides of faire mount *Cephalon*,
 Haue I two houses passing humane skill,
 Of finest matter by dame nature wrought,
 Whose learned fingers haue adorn'd the same
 With gorgeous porches of so strange a forme,
 That they command the passingers to stay:
 The dores whereof in hospitallity
 Nor day, nor night, are shut, but open wide
 Gently inuite all commers; whereupon
 They are nam'd the open eares of *Cephalon*.
 But least some bolder sound should boldly rush,
 And breake the nise composure of the worke,
 The skilfull builder wisely hath inrang'd,
 An entry from each port with curious Twines,
 And crookt Meanders, like the laborinth
 That *Dedalus* fram'd to inclose the *Minotaure*;
 At end whereof is plac'd a costly portall
 Resembling much the figure of a Drumme,
 Granting slow entrance to a priuate closet:
 Where daily with a Mallet in my hand,
 I set and frame all words and sounds that come
 Vpon an Anuile, and so make them fit
 For the perewinkling poore, that winding leades
 From my close chamber to your Lordships Cell.
 Thither do I chiefe Iustice of all accents,
Psyche next porter, *Microscopus* front:
 Learnings rich treasure, bring discipline,
 Reasons discourse, knowledge of forraigne states,
 Low'd fame of great *Heroes* vertuous deeds:
 The marrow of graue speeches and the flowers
 Of quickest Wits, neat Iests, and pure Concepts,

L I N G V A.

And often times to ease the heavy burthen
Of government your Lordships shoulder beare,
I thither do conduce the pleasing Nuptials
Of sweetest instruments with heavenly noises
If then *Auditus* haue deseru'd the best,
Let him be dignified before the rest.

COM.S. *Auditus* I am almost a Skepticke in this matter, scarce knowing which way the ballance of the cause will decline, when I haue heard the rest I will dispatch iudgement, meane while you may depart.

Auditus leads his shew about the Stage, and then goes out.

ACT.4. SCEN.3.

COMMVNIS SENSVS, Memoria, Phantastes, Anamnestes, Heuresis as before, *Olfactus* in a Garlad of several flowers, a Page before him bearing his Target, his shield vert. a bound argent, two Boyes with casting Bottles, and two with Censurs with Incense; another with a velvet cushion stucke with flowers, an other with a basket of hearbes, an other with a boxe of Oymment; *Olfactus* leads them about, and making obeysance presents them before the Bench.

1. BOY. Your onely way to make a good pomander, is this; take an ounce of the purest garden mould, clenfed and steeped seuen daies in change of motherlesse-Rose-water, then take the best Labdanum, Benioine, both Storaxes, Amber, Greece, and Ciuet, and Muske, incorporate them together, and worke them into what forme you please; this, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweete as my Ladies dog.

PHA. This Boy it should seeme represents Odor, he is so perfect a Perfumer. ODOR. I do my Lord, and haue at my command. The smell of flowers and Odoriferous drugs, Of oymments sweet and excellent perfumes, And Court-like waters which if once you smell, You in your heart would wish as I suppose, That all your Body were transfom'd to Nose.

PHAN. *Olfactus* of all the Senses, your objects haue the worst luck, they are alwaies iarring with their contraries, for none can weare Ciuet, but they are suspected of a proper bad sent, where the prouerbe springs, he smelleth best that doth of nothing smell.

ACT.4. SCEN.4.

The Bench and Olfactus as before, Tobacco apperrell'd in a Taffara Mantle,

his armes browne and naked, Buskins made of the pilling of Officers, his necke bare, hung with Indian leaues, his face browne, painted with blew stripes, in his nose swines teeth, on his head a painted wicker Crowne, with Tobacco pipes set in it, plumes of Tobacco leaues, lend by two Indian Boyes naked, with Tapers in their hands, Tobacco boxes, and pipes lighted.

PHAN. Foh, foh, what a smell is here? is this one of your delighfull obiects? OLF. It is your onely sent in request Sir.

COM.S. What fiery fellow is that, which smokes so much in the OLF. It is the great and puissant god of Tobacco. (mouth?)

TOB. *Ladach guevarrob pufuer (heluaro baggon, Olfia di quanon, Indicortilo vraggon.*

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this in my opinion is the tongue of Antipodes.

MEM. No, I remember it very well, it was the language the Arcadians spake that liued long before the Moone.

COM.S. What signifies it *Olfactus*?

OLF. This is mighty Emperour Tobacco, King of *Trinidad*, that in being conquered, conquered all *Europe*, in making them pay tribute for their smoake. TOB. *Erfronge inglues condhifingo, Denelin floscoth mapu colthinge.*

OLF. Expeller of Catarhes, banisher of all agues, your guts onely salue for the greene wounds of a non plus.

TOB. *Al vulcan vercu, I parda pora si de gratam, ka famala mara, cho Baubo respartera, quirata?*

OLF. Sonne to God *Vulcan*, and *Tellus*, kin to the father of Myrth, called *Bacchus*.

TOB. *Viscardonox, pillostuphe, pascano tinaromagas, Pagi dagon stollisinfse, carocibato scribas.*

OLF. Genius of all Swaggerers, profest enemy to Physitions, sweet ointment for sowre teeth, firme knot of good fellowship, Adamant of Company, swift wind to spread the wings of Time, hated of none but those that know him not, & of so great deserts, that who so is acquainted with him can hardly forsake him.

PHA. It seemes these last words were very significant, I promise you a God of great denomination, hee may be my Lord *Tappes* for his large Titles.

COM.S. But forward *Olfactus*, as they haue done before you, with your description? OLF. Iust in the mid'st of *Cephalus* round face

As twere a frontis-pice vnto the hill,

Olfactus lodging built in figure long,

Doubly disparted with two pretious vaults,

The rootes whereof most richly are Inclos'd,
 With Orient Pearles, and sparkling Diamonds;
 Beset at the end with Emeraude and Turchois,
 And Rubies red, and flaming Crisolits,
 At vpper end whereof, in costly manner,
 I lay my head betweene two spongeous pillowes,
 Like faire *Adonis* twixt the paps of *Venus*,
 Where I conducting in out the wind,
 Daily examine all the aire inspir'd,
 By my pure searching, if it be pure,
 And fit to serue the lungs with liuely breath.
 Hence do I likewise minister perfume
 Vnto the nighbour braine, perfumes of force
 To cleanse your head, and make your fantasie
 To refine wit, and sharpe inuention,
 And strengthen memory, from whence it came,
 That old deuotion, Incence did ordaine
 To make mans spirits more apt for things diuine:
 Besides a thousand more commodities.
 In leiw whereof your Lordships I request,
 Giue me the Crowne if I deserue it best.

*Olfaustus leaves his company about
 the Stage, and goes out.*

ACT. 4. SCENA. 5.

The Bench as before: a Page with a shield Argent, an Apo proper with an Apple, then Gustus with a Cornucopia in his hand, Bacchus in a Garland of leaues and Grapes, a white suite, and ouer it a thin sarsenet to his foote, in his hand a speare wreathed with wine-leaues, on his arme a Target with a Tiger, Ceres with a Crowne of eares of Corne, in a yellow silke robe, a bunch of Poppy in her hand, a sutchbeon charged with a Dragon.

CO M. S. In good time Gustus, haue you brought your obiects?

GVST. My seruant *Appetitus* followeth with them.

AP. Come, come, *Bacchus* you are so fat, enter, enter.

PHAN. Fie, fie *Gustus*, this is a great indecorum to bring *Bacchus* alone, you should haue made Thirst led him by the hand.

GVST. Right Sir, busmen now a daies drinke often when they be not dry, besides, I could not get red herrings, and dried neats tongue enough to apparell him in. CO M. S. What neuer a speech of him.

GVST. I put an *Officue of Lambicks* in his mouth, and hee he had drunk it downe.

APP.

A P P. Well done, Mascadine and Egges stand hie; what butter'd
Claret? go thy way, thou had'st best, for blind men that cannot see how art
wickedly thou look'st. — how now, what small thin fellow, are you
here? ha?

B O V. Beere forsooth, Beere forsooth.

A P. Beere forsooth? get you gone to the Buttery, till I call for you,
you are none of *Bacchus* attendants, I am sure, hee cannot endure the
smell of Mault. Where is *Ceres*? O well, well, is the March-pane broken?
ill luck, ill luck, come hang't, neuer stand to set it together againe; serue
out fruite there. (Enter Boyes with a Basket, *Marmalade, sweets, &c. deliver it*
round among the Gentlewomen, and go out) What do you come with roste-
meate after Apples? away with it, digestion serue out cheefe; what,
but a penyworth? it is iust measure of his nose that sold it, lambs-wool;
the meekest meate in the world, 'twill let any man sleepe. Snap-dragon
there.

M E M. O, I remember this dish well, it was first inuented by *Plato* to
entertaine *Proserpina* with all.

P H A. I thinke not so *Memory*, for when *Hercules* had kil'd the fla-
ming Dragon of *Hesperia*, with the Apples of that Orchard hee made
this fiery meate, in memory whereof he named it Snap-dragon.

C O M. S. *Gustus*, let's here your description?

G V S T. Neere to the lowly base of *Cephalon*,
My house is plac'd, not much vnlike a Caue.
Yet archt about by wondrous worke-man-ship
With hewen stones wrought smother, and more fine
Then Iet or Marble, faire from Island brought.
Ouer the dore directly doth incline
A faire Percullis of compacture strong,
To shut out all that may any the state,
Or health of *Microcosme*; and within
Is spread along boord like a plyant tongue,
At which I howerly sit, and tryall take,
Of meates and drinckes needfull and delectable,
Twice enery day do I prouision make
For the sumptuous kitchen of the common-wealth,
Which once well boild, is soone distributed
To all the members, well refreshing them
With good supply of strength-renewing food.
Should I neglect this musing diligence,
The body of the Realme would ruinate?
Your selfe my Lord with all your policies
And wondrous wit, could not preferue your selfe.

Not you *Pantastus*; nor you *Memory*;
Psyche her selfe, were't not that I repaire
 Her crazie house with props of nourishment
 Would soone forsake vs; for whose deereft sake
 Many a grievous paine have I sustain'd
 By bitter pills, and sowre purgations,
 Which if I had not valiantly abidden
 Shee had bene long ere this departed.
 Since the whole *Myrocofmo* I maintaine,
 Let me as Prince aboue the Senses raigne.

COM. S. The reasons you vrge *Gustus* breed a new doubt whether it
 be better to be commodious or necessary, the resolution whereof I re-
 fer to your iudgement, licensing you meane wile to depart:

Gustus leads his shew about the Stage and goes out.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 6.

The Bench as before; TACTVS, a Page before him bearing his Scutcheon, & Tortoise sables.

TACT. Ready anon forsooth? the Diuell she will;
 Who would be toss'd with Wenches in a shew?

COM. S. What in such anger *Tactus*? what's the matter?

TACT. My Lord, I had thought as other Senses did,
 By sight of obiects to haue prou'd my worth:
 Wherefore considering that of all the things
 That please me most, women are counted chiefe,
 I had thought to haue represented in my shew
 The Queene of pleasure, *Venus* and her sonne,
 Leading a Gentleman enamored,
 With his sweete touching of his Mistresse lippes,
 And gentle griping of her tender hands,
 And diuer pleasant relishes of touch,
 Yet all contained in the bounds of chastity.

PHA. *Tactus*, of all I long to see your obiects,
 How comes it, we haue lost those pretty sports?

TACT. Thus 'tis, siue houres ago I ser a dozen of Maids to attire a
 boy like a nice Gentlewoman, but there is such doing with their look-
 ing-glasses, pinning, vnpinning; setting, vnsetting; formings, and con-
 formings, painting blew veines and cheekes; such stirre with Sticks &
 Combes, Cascarers, Dressings, Purles, Falles, Squates, Buskes, Bodies,
 Scarffes, Neck-laces, Carcanets, Relatoers, Borders, Ties, Fannes, Pal-
 zadoes, Puffes, Ruffes, Cuffes, Muffes, Pussies, Fussies, Partlets, Faislets,
 Band-

Bandlets, Fillets, Croſſets, Pendants, Amulets, Annulets, Bracelets, and ſo many lets, that ſhe is ſcarce dreſt to the girdle: and now there's ſuch calling for Fardingals, Kirtlers, Buſke-points, ſhoes, &c. that ſeven pedlers ſhops, nay all Sturbridge-faire will ſcarce furniſh her: a Ship is ſooner rig'd by far, then a Gentlewoman made ready.

PH. 'Tis ſtrange, that women being ſo mutable,
Will neuer change in changing their apparell.

COM.S. Well, let them paſſe; *Tactus* we are content, to know your dignity by relation. T.A.C. The instrument of instruments, the hand, Courteſies index, Chamberlane to Nature,

The bodies Souldier, and mouthes Carer,

*Psyche*s great Secretarie, the dumbes eloquence,

The blind-mans Candle, and his fore-heads Buckler,

The miniſter of wrath and friendſhips ſigne,

This is my instrument: neuertheleſſe my power

Extends it ſelfe farre as our Queene commands,

Through all the parts and climes of *Microcoſme*.

I am the roote of life, ſpreading my vertue

By ſinewes that extend from head to foote,

To euery living part.

For as a ſuttle Spider cloſely fitting,

In center of her web, that ſpredeth round,

If the leaſt ſtie but touch the ſmalleſt third

Shee feelles it inſtantly; ſo doth my ſelfe,

Caſting my ſlender nerue and ſundry nets,

Ouer euery particle of all the body,

By proper ſkill perceiue the difference,

Of ſeueral qualities, hot, cold, moiſt, and dry;

Hard, ſoft, rough, ſmooth, clammy, and ſlippery.

Sweete pleaſure, and ſharpe paine profitable,

That make vs wounded ſeek for remedy:

By theſe meanes do I teach the Body ſtie,

From ſuch bad things as may endanger it.

A wall of Braſſe can be ſo more deſenſe

Vnto a Towne, then I to *Microcoſme*.

Tell me what Senſe is not beholding to me?

The Noſe is hot or cold, the Eyes do weepe,

The Eares do feel, the Taſt's a kinde of Touching,

That when I pleaſe, I can command them all;

And make them tremble when I threaten them:

I am the eldeſt, and biggeſt of the reſt,

LINGVA.

The chiefeſt note, and firſt deſtinction,
Betwix a living tree, and living beaſt;
For though one heare, and ſee, and ſmell, and taſt,
If he wants touch, he is counted but a blocke.
Therefore my Lord grant me the royalty
Of whom there is ſuch great neceſſity.

COM.S. *Tactus* ſtand aſide; you ſitt *Anamneſtes* tell the Senſes we
expect their appearance. ANA. At your Lord-ſhips pleaſure.

Exit Anamneſtes.

ACTVS.4. SCENA.7.

COM.SEN. PHAN. MEM. HEVR. ANAM. *Vpon the Bench conſulting
among themſelues*: VIS. TACT. GVST. and OLF. every one with his
Shield vpon his arme, LINGVA, and MENDACIO, with them.

COM.S. Though you deſerue no ſmal puniſhment for theſe vp-rores,
yet at the requeſt of theſe my aſſiſtants I remit it, and by the power of
iudgement our gracious ſoueraigne *Pſeuche* hath giuen me, thus I deter-
mine of your controuerſies, hum. By your former obieſts, inſtruments,
& reaſons, I conceiue the ſtate of *Senſe* to be diuided into two parts, one
of commodiry the other of neceſſity, both which are either for our
Queene or for our Country; but as the ſoule is more excellent then the
body, ſo are the *Sēſes* that profit the ſoule to be eſtimated before thoſe
that are needful for the body. *Viſus* & *Audius* ſerue your ſelues, Maſter
Reſiſter giue me the Crowne; becauſe it is better to be wel, then ſimply
to be, therefore I iudge the Crowne by right to belong to you of the Co-
modities part, and the Robe to you of the Neceſſities ſide; and ſince you
Viſus are the Authour of Inuention, & you *Audius* of encrease & addi-
tion to the ſame; ſeeing it is more excellent to inuent then to augment,
I eſtabliſh you *Viſus* the better of the two, and chiefe of all the reſt, in
token wherof I beſtow vpon you this Crowne to weare at your liberty.

VIS. I moſt humbly thanke your Lordſhips.

COM.S. But leaſt I ſhould ſeeme to neglect you *Audius*, I here
chuſe you to be the Lords intelligencer to *Pſeuche* her Maieſty, and you
Olfaſtus wee beſtow vpon you the chiefe Prieſt-hood of *Microcoſme*,
perpetually to offer incenſe in her Maieſties Temple: As for you *Tactus*
vpon your reaſons alleaged, I beſtow vpon you the Roabe.

TACT. I accept it moſt gratefully at your juſt hands, and wil weare
it in the deere remembrance of your good Lord-ſhip.

COM.S. And laſtly *Gvſtus* we elect you *Pſeuche* her onely Taſter, and
great Purueior for all her dominions both by Sea and Land, in her
Realme of *Microcoſme*.

GVST.

G V S T. We thanke your Lordship, and rest well content with equal arbitrement. C O M. S. Now for you *Lingua*.

L I N G. I beseech your honour let me speake, I will neither trouble the company, nor offend your patience.

C O M. S. I cannot stay so long, we haue consulted about you, and finde your cause to stand vpon these termes, and condition. The number of Senses in this little world, is answerable to the first bodies in the great world: Now since there bee but fise in the Vniuerse, the foure Elements and the pure substance of the heauens, therefore there can be but fise Senses in our *Microcosme*, correspondent to those; as the sight to the heauens, hearing to the aire, touching to the earth, smelling to the fire, tasting to the water; by which fise meanes onely the vnderstanding is able to apprehend the knowledge of all Corporeall substances, wherefore we iudge you to be no Sense simply; onely thus much wee from hence-forth pronounce, that all women, for your sake, shall haue six Senses: that is, Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, Smelling, Touching, and the last and feminine Sense, the Sense of speaking.

G V S T. I beseech your Lordships, and your Assistants (the onely cause of our friend-ship) to grace my Table, with your most welcome presence this night at supper.

C O M. S. I am sorry I cannot stay with you, you know we may by no meanes omit our daily attendance at the Court, therefore I pray you pardon vs.

G V S T. I hope I shall not haue the deniall at your hands my Masters, and you my Lady *Lingua*, come, let vs drowne all our anger in a bowle of Hippocras.

Exeunt Sensus omnes exteriores.

C O M. S. Come Maister *Register*, shall we walke?

M E M. I pray you stay a little, let me see? ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

P H A. How now *Memory* so merry? What? do you trouble your selfe with two palfies at once? shaking and laughing.

M E M. 'Tis a strange thing that men will so confidently oppose themselves against *Platos* great yeare.

P H A. N. Why not.

M E M. 'Tis as true an opinion as need be, for I remember it very readily now, that this time 49000 yeares ago, al we were in this very place, and your Lordship iudged the very same controuersy after the very same manner, in all respects and circumstances alike.

C O M. S. 'Tis wondrous strange.

A N A. By the same token you held your staffe in your right hand, iust as you do now, and Maister *Phanastes* stood wondering at you, gazing as wide as you see him.

P H A. I but did I giue you a box on the eare sirrah, 49000 yeares ago?

H

did

did P. (*snapp*) ANA. I do not remember that Sir.

PHAN. This time *Plutus* twelve-months come, looke you see your cheekes better.

COM.S. But what intertainment had wee at Court for our long

MEM. Let's go, I'll tell you as we walke.

PH. If I do not seeme pranker now then I did in those daies, I'll be hang'd.

Exeunt omnes interiores Sensus, manet Lingua.

ACT. 4. SCENA 8.

LINGVA. MENDACIO.

LING. Why this is good, by *Common-Senses* meanes,
Lingua thou hast fram'd a perfect Commedy,
 They are all good friends whom thou mad'st enemies,
 And I am halfe a Sence: a sweete peece of seruice,
 I promise you a faire step to preferment.
 Was this the care and labour thou hast taken,
 To bring thy foes together to a banquet,
 To loose thy Crowne and be deluded thus?
 Well, now I see my case is desperate,
 The iudgements past, sentence irruocable,
 Therefore I'll be content and clap my hands,
 And giue a *plaudite* to their proceedings.
 What? Shall I leaue my hate begun vnperfect?
 So slowly vanquish't by the spitefull Senses?
 Shall I? the Embassadresse of Gods and Men,
 That pul'd proud *Phaëbo* from her brightsome spheare:
 And darke't *Appollo's* countenance with a word?
 Rayning at pleasure stormes, and winds, and earth quakes,
 Be ouer-crowed, and breath without reuenge?
 Yet they, forsooth, base slaues, must be preferred,
 And deeke themselues with my right ornaments?
 Doth the all-knowing *Phaëbus* see this shame
 Without redresse? will not heaogens helpe me?
 Then Hell shall do't, my enchanting tongue
 Can mount the skies, and in a moment fall
 From the Pole Articke to darke *Acheron*.
 I'll make them know mine anger is not spent,
Lingua hath power to hurt, and will to do it.

Mendacio come hether quickly sirra. MEN. Madam.

LING. Harke hether in thine eare.

MEND. Why do you wish thus? there's none to heare you.

LING. I dare not trust these secrets to the Earth; ere since thee brought forth Reedes, whose babbling noise told all the world of *Midas* Asses eares. (*She whispers him in the eare*) Do'st vnderstand me?

MEND. I, I, I, — neuer feare that — there's a iest indeed — pish, pish, Madam — do you thinke me so foolish? — tut, tut, doubt not.

LING. Tell her if she do not.

MEND. Why doe you make any question of it — what a stirre is here? — I warrant you — presently.

Exit Mendacio.

LING. Well, I'll to supper, and so closely couer
The rusty canker of mine yron spight,
With golden soile of goodly semblances,
But if I do not trounce them —

Exit Lingua.

Actus. 5. Scœna. I.

MENDACIO with a bottle in his hand.

MEND. My Lady *Lingua* is iust like one of these leane-witted *Comedians*, who disturbing all to the first Act, bring downe some *Mercury* or *Iupiter* in an Engine to make all friends. So shee, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends me to an old Witch called *Acrasia*, to helpe to wreake her spight vpon the Senses: the old Hag, after many an incircled circumstance, and often naming of the direfull *Hecate*, and *Demogorgan*, giues me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs, and forcible words, that whosoeuer drinks of it shall be presently possesse with an iraged and mad kinde of anger.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 2.

MENDACIO, CRAPULA, APPETITVS, crying.

MEND. What's this *Crapula* beating *Appetitus* out of doores? hal

CRAP. You filthy long-Crane, you meager-slaue, will you kill our guests with blöwing continuall hunger in them? (*tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse*) the Senses haue ouer-charged their stomack already, & you sirra serue them vp a fresh appetite with euery new dish, they had burst their guts if thou had'st staid but a thought longer? (*tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse*) be gon or I'll set thee away, be gone ye gnaw-bone, raw-bone-rasell.

MEND. Then my deuise is cleane spoyled, *Appetitus* should haue beene as the bowle to present this medicine to the Senses, and now *Crapula* hath beaten him out of doores, what shall I do?

H 2

CRAP.

L I N G U A

CRAP. Away sirra, (tiffe, toffe, tiffe, &c.

A P. Well *Crapula* well, I haue deserued better at your hands then so, I was the man you know first brought you into *Gustus* his seruice, I lin'd your guts there, and you vse me thus? but grease a fat sow, &c.

CRAP. Do'st thou talke? (tiffe, toffe) hence, hence (tiffe, toffe) hence, auant curre, auant you dogge.

Exit Crapula.

A P. The belching-gor-belly hath well-nigh kil'd; I am shut out of doores finely, well this is my comfort, I may walke now in liberty at my owne pleasure. **MEN.** *Appetitus, Appetitus.*

A P. Ah *Mendacio, Mendacio.*

MEN. Why how now man, how now? how ist? canst not speake?

A P. Faith I am like a Bag-pipe, that neuer sounds but when the belly is full. **MEN.** Thou empty, and com'st from a feast.

A P. From a fray I tell thee *Mendacio*, I am now iust like the Ewe, that gaue sucke to a wolves whelp. I haue nurst vp my fellow *Crapula* so long, that he's growne strong enough to beate me.

MEN. And whither wilt thou go, now thou art banish't out of seruice?

A P. Faith I'll trauell to some Colledge or other in an Vniuersity.

MEN. Why so?

A P. Because *Appetitus* is well beloued amongst Schollers, for there I can dine and sup with them and rise againe as good friends as wee sate downe, I'll thither questionlesse.

MEN. Hear'st thou? giue me thy hand; by this hand I loue thee; go to then, thou shalt not forsake thy Maisters thus, I say thou shalt not.

A P. Alas I am very loth; but how should I helpe it?

MEN. Why take this bottle of wine, come on, go thy waies to them againe. **A P.** Ha, ha, ha, what good will this do?

MEN. This is the *Nepenthe* that reconciles the Gods; do but let the Senses tast of it, and feare not, they'll loue thee as wel as euer? they did.

A P. I pray thee where hadst it?

MEN. My Lady gaue it me to bring her; *Mercury* stole it from *Hebe* for her; thou know'st there were some iarres betwixt her and thy Maisters, and with this drinke she would gladly wash out all the reliques of their disagreement: Now, because I loue thee, thou shalt haue the grace of presenting it to them and so come in fauour againe.

A P. It smells well I would faine beginne to them.

MEN. Nay, stay no longer, least they haue supt before thou come.

A P. *Mendacio*, how shall I requite thy infinite curtesie.

MEN. Nay pray thee leaue go catch occasiō by the fore-top, but hearst thou as I say, as it is presented, round my Lady *Lingua* in the eare, and tell her of it. **A P.** I will, I will, I will adue, adue, adue. *Exit Appetitus.*

ACT V.

LINGVA.

ACT.5. SCEN.3.

MENDACIO *solus.*

MEN. Why this is better then I could haue wisht it,
Fortune I thinke is false in loue with me,
Answering so right mine expectation.
By this time *Appetite* is at the Table,
And with a lowly Cringe presents the Wine
To his old Maister *Gustus*, now he takes it,
And drinckes, perchance, to *Lingua*; she, craftily,
Kisses the cup, but let's not downe a drop,
And giues it to the rest; 'tis sweete, they'le swallow it,
But when 'tis once discended to the stomacke,
And sends vp noysome Vapours to the braine,
'Twill make them swagger gallantly, they'le rage
Most strangely, or *Acrasia*'s art deceiues her:
When if my Lady stirre her nimble tongue,
And closely sow contentious words amongst them,
O what a stabbing there will be? what bleeding?

ACT.5. SCEN.4.

LINGVA, MENDACIO.

LING. What, art thou there *Mendacio*? pretty rascal:
Come let me kisse thee for thy good deserts.

MEN. Madame do'st take? haue they all tasted it?

LING. All, all; and all are well-nigh mad already:
Oh how they stare, and sweare, and fume, and brawle;
Wrath giues them weapons; Pots, and Candle-sticks,
Ioin'd-stooles and Trenchers flie about the roome,
Like to the bloody banquet of the Centaures:
But all the sport is to see what seuerall thoughts
The potions workes in their imaginations:
For *Visus* thinks himselfe; a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ACT.5. SCEN.5.

APPETITVS, MENDACIO, LINGVA.

A.P. So-hoe *Mendacio*, so-hoe, so-hoe.

MEN. Madame I doubt they come, yonder is *Appetitus*, you had best
be gone, least in their out-rage they should iniure you (*Exit Lingua*)
How now *Hunger*? how do'st my fine May-pole? ha?

A.P. I may well be called a May-pole; for the Senses do nothing but
dauce.

daunce a morice about me.

MEN. Why? what ayles them? are they not (as I promised thee) friends with thee?

A P. Friends with me? nay rather frenzy: I neuer knew them in such a case in all my life.

MEN. Sure they dranke too much, and are mad for loue of thee.

A P. They want *Common-Sense* among't them: there's such a hurly-burly *Auditus* is starke deafe, and wonders why men speake so softly that he cannot heare them, *Visus* hath drunke himselfe starke blind, and therefore imagineth himselfe to be *Polyphemus*: *Tactus* is raging mad, & cannot bee otherwise perswaded, but he is *Hercules furans*, there's such conceits amongst them.

ACT.5. SCEN.6.

VISVS, APPETITVS, MENDACIO.

VIS. O that I could but finde the villaine *Outis*,
Outis the villaine that thus blinded me. MEN. Who is this? *Visus*?

A P. I, I, I, otherwise called *Polyphemus*.

VIS. By heauens bright Sunne, the daies most glorious eye,
That lightneth all the world but *Polypheme*,
And by mine eye that once was answerable
Vnto that Sunne, but now's extinguished.

MEN. He can see to sweare me-thinkes.

VIS. If I but once lay hands vpon the slaue,
That thus hath rob'd me of my deereſt Iewell,
I'll rend the miscreant into a thousand peeces,
And gnash his trembling members t'wixt my teeth,
Drinking his liue-warme-bloud to satisfie
The boyling thirst of paine and furiousnesse,
That thus exasperates great *Polypheme*.

MEN. Pray thee *Appetitus* see how he graspes for that he would be loath to find. A P. What's that? a stumbling blocke?

VIS. These hands that whilom tore vp sturdy Okes,
And rent the rocke that dasht out *Acis* braines,
Both in the stole-blisse of my *Galatea*,
Serue now (O misery) to no better vse
But for but bad guides to my vnskilfull feere,
Neuer accustomed thus to be directed.

MEN. As I am a rogue, he wants nothing but a wheele, to make him the true picture of fortune; how sai'st? what shall we play at blind-man-buffe

L I N G U A .

buffe with him? A P. I if thou wilt, but first Ile try whether he can see.

V I S. Find me out *Outis*, search the Rockes and Woods,
The Hilles and Dales, and all the Coasts adioyning,
That I may haue him and reuenge my wrong.

A P. *Vifus* me-thinkes your eigs are well enough.

V I S. What's he that calls me *Vifus*? do'st not know——

(*They runne about him, playing with him, and abusing him*)

A P. To him *Mendacio*, to him, to him,

M E N. There, there *Appetitus*, he comes, he comes; ware ware, hee comes, ha, ha, ha, ha. *Vifus* stumbles, falls downe, and sits still.

A C T. 5. S C E N. 7.

M E N D A C I O, A P P E T I T V S, T A C T V S with a
great blacke Sacke in his hand.

M E N. Is this he that thinkes himselfe *Hercules*?

A P. I, wilt see me out-swagger him?

M E N. I do, do, I loue not to sport with such mad-play-fellowes;
tickle him *Appetitus*, tickle him, tickle him. *Exit Mendacio.*

T A C T. Haue I not here the great and puissant Club,
Where-with I conquered three Chopt *Cerberus*,

A P. Haue I not here the sharpe and war-like teeth,
That at one breake-fast quail'd thrice three hogges-faces.

T A C T. And are not these *Alcides* brawny armes,
That rent the Lyons iawes, and kill'd the Boare?

A P. And is not this the stomacke that defeated,
Nine yards of pudding, and a ranke of pies?

T A C T. Did not I crop the seuen-fold *Hydra*s crest,
And with a riuer clenfed *Angau*s stable?

A P. Did not I crush a seuen-fold Custards crust,
And with my tongue swept a well furnisht Table?

T A C T. Did not these feete and hands ore-take and slay,
The nimble Stagge, and fierce impetuous Bull?

A P. Did not this throat at one good meale deuoure,
That Stagges sweete venison, and that strong Bulls-breefe?

T A C T. Shall *Hercules* be thus disparaged
Iuno! you pouting Queene, you lowring Trull,

Take heed I take you not; for by *Iones* thunder
Ile be reueng'd. (*Appetitus draws Vifus backward from Tactus.*)

A P. Why *Vifus*, *Vifus*, will you be kil'd away, away. *Exit Vifus.*

T A C T. Who haue we here? see, see, the Gyant *Cacus*

Drawes

Drawes an Oxe backe-ward to his theeuish den,
Hath this deuise so long deluded me?
Monster of men *Cacus* restore my Cattle,
Or instantly I'll crush thy idle Coxe-combe,
And dash thy dolcish braines against thy Caue.

A P. *Cacus*, I *Cacus*? ha, ha, ha, *Tactus* you mistake me.
I am yours to command, *Appetitus*.

T A C T. Art *Appetitus*? Th' art so; run quickly villaine,
Fetch a whole Oxe to satisfie my stomacke.

A P. Fetch an Assle to keepe you company.

T A C T. Then downe to Hell, tell *Pluto* Prince of Diuels,
That great *Alcides* want's a kitchen wench
To turne his spit, command him, from my selfe,
To send vp *Proserpine* shee'll serue the turne.

A P. I must finde you meate and the Diuell finde you Cookes,
Which is the next way?

T A C. Follow the beaten path thou canst not misse it,
'Tis a wide Causy that conducteth thether,
An easie tract, and downe hill all the way,
But if the blacke Prince will not send her quickly,
But still detain her for his bed-fellow.
Tell him I'll drag him from his iron chaire,
By the Steele tresses, and then sow him fast,
With the three furies in a letherne bagge,
And thus will drowne them in the Ocean.

He powres the Lacke of Beere upon Appetitus.

A P. You had better keepe him aliue to light Tobacco-pipes, or to
sweepe chimneies. T A C. Art thou not gon? nay then I'll send thy soule
Before thee 'twill do thy message sooner (tisse, tisse)

A P. *Hercules*, *Hercules*, *Hercules*? do not you heare *Omphale*?
Hearke how she cals you, hearke?

T A C T. 'Tis she indeed, I know her sugred voice?
Omphale, deere Commandresse of my life:

My thoughts repose, sweete Center of my cares,
Where all my hopes, and best desires takes rest,

Lo! where the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*

Throwes himselfe Captiue at your conquering feet?

Do not disdain my voluntary humblenesse,

Accept my seruice, blest me with commanding,

I will performe the hardest imposition

And run through twelue new labours for thy sake.

Omphale,

Omphale, deere Commandresse of my life.

A P. Do you not see how she beckons to you to follow her?

Looke how she holds her distaffe, looke you?

T A C T. Where is she gone, that I may follow her?

Omphale stay, stay, take thy *Hercules*.

A P. There, there man, you are right. *Exit Tactus.*

ACT. 5. SCENE 8.

APPETITVS. *Solus.*

A P. What a strange temper are the Senses in?

How comes their wits thus topsie turvy turn'd?

Hercules Tactus; Vetus Polypheme.

Two goodly Sur-names haue they purchased:

By the rare Ambrosian of an Oyster-py

They haue got such proud imaginations,

That I could wish I were mad for company:

But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,

I'll rest contented with this wise estate.

ACT. 5. SCENE 9.

APPETITVS, AUDITVS with a Candlestick.

A P. What more anger? *Auditus* got abroad too?

A V D. Take this abuse at base *Olfactus* hands?

What, did he challenge me to meete me here,

And is not come? well I'll proclaime the slave

The vilest dastard that ere broke his word;

But stay, yonder's *Appetitus*.

A P. I pray you *Auditus* what ailes you?

A V D. Ha, ha! A P. What ailes you?

A V D. Ha! what saist thou? A P. Who hath abus'd you thus?

A V D. Why do'st thou whisper thus? Canst not speake out?

A P. Saue me, I had cleane forgotten; why are you so angry *Auditus*?

A V D. Bite vs, who dare bite vs? (and you?)

A P. I talke of no biting, I say what's the matter betweene *Olfactus*

A V D. Will *Olfactus* bite me? do if hee dares would he would meete

me here according to his promise; Mine eares are some what thicke of

late, I pray thee speake out louder.

A P. Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is fine i' faith: ha, ha, ha, Heare you, haue you

lost your eares at supper?

AVD. Excellent cheere at supper, I confesse it
But when 'tis follow'd with sower contentions,
And breeds such quarrels, 'tis intollerable.

AP. Pish, pish, this is my question: Hath your supper spoil'd your hearing? AVD. Hearing at supper, tell not me of hearing,
But if thou saw'st *Officius* bring me to him.

AP. I aske you whether you have lost your hearing?

AVD. O dost thou heare them ring? what a gteife is this,
Thus to be deafe and loose such harmony?

Wretched *Andius* now shalt thou neuer heare

The pleasing changes that a well tun'd Corde

Of trowling bells will make when they are true rung.

AP. Here's a doe indeed, I think he is mad, as wel as drunk, or deafe.

AVD. Ha, what's that?

AP. I say you haue made me hoarse with speaking so loud.

AVD. Ha, what say'st thou of a creaking Croud?

AP. I am hoarse I tell you, and my head akes.

AVD. Oh I vnderstand thee: the first Croud was made of a horse-head.

'Tis true, the finding of a dead horse-head,

Was the first inuention of string instruments,

Whence rose the Gitterne, Violl, and the Lute:

Though others thinke the Lute was first deuiz'd.

In imitation of a Tortesse backe,

Whose sinewes parch'd by *Apollo's* beames,

Ecchoed about the concave of the shell,

And seeing the shortest and smallest gaue shrillest sound,

They found out frets whose sweete diuersity

(Well couched by the skilfull learned fingers)

Raiseth so strange a multitude of Cordes.

Which their opinion many do confirme,

Because *Tessudo* signifies a Lute.

But if I by no means.

AP. Nay, if you begin to criticke once, we shall neuer haue done.

Exit Appetius and carries away Andius perforce.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

CRATYLUS, a furbellin'd slave, cloaked in a hybs waist of Sarsenet, a Garland
of vine-leaves on his head, &c. SOMNVS in a Mantle of blacke Cobweb-
like downe to the knees, one a dunke coloured tuffin a Cotte, and a Crowne
of Poppy tops on his head, a company of darks bedownd filles follow him
hand,

hand, a Mace of Peppier, the other, having his head upon a pillow on Crapula's shoulders.

ACT. II

CRAP. *Somnus*, good *Somnus*, sweete *Somnus*, come's pace!

SOMN. Hei-oh, oh; are you sure they be so? oh, ho, oh, hei, waw?
What good can I do you, hob, hawe.

CRAP. Why I tell you vnlesse your helpe
Soft sonne of night, right heire to Quietnesse,
Labours repose, lifes best restorative,
Digestions carefull Nurse, blouds Comforter,
Wits helpe, thoughts charme, the stay of *Microcosmus*,
Sweete *Somnus*, chiefest enemy to Cares:
My dearest friend, lift vp thy lumpish head,
Ope thy dull eies, shake off this drowfinesse,
Rowle vp thy selfe.

SOMN. O *Crapula*, how now, how now, oh oh how, whose there?
Crapula speake quickly, what's the matter?

CRAP. As I told you, the noble Senses, Peeres of *Microcosmus*,
Will eft-soone fall to ruine perpetuall,
Vnlesse your ready helping hand recure them:
Lately they banquetted at *Gustus* Table,
And there fell mad, or drunke, I know not whether,
So that it's doubtfull in these outrageous fits
That the'le murder one another.

SOMN. Feare not, if they haue scapt already,
Bring me to them, or them to me,
I'll quickly make them know the power
Of my large stretcht authority.

These cordes of sleepe, where-with I wont to bind
The strongest armes that ere resisted me
Shall be the meanes whereby I will correct
The Senses out-rage, and distemperature.

CRAP. Thanks gentle *Somnus*, I'll go seeke them out,
And bring them to you soone as possible.

SOMN. Dispatch it quickly least I fall a sleepe for want of worke.

CRAP. Stand still, stand still: *Vissus*, I thinke comes yonder,
If you thinke good beginne and bind him first:
For he made fast, the rest will soone be quiet.

Exit *Crapula*.

ACT. III

VIS. *Spaga Telemus*, I now, too late, admire
Thy deepe fore-sight and skill in Prophecy,
Who whilome toldst me that in time to come
Vlysses should deprive me of my sight.
And now the slaue that marcht in *Ouis* name
Is prou'd *Vlysses*, and by this deuice
Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by sea,
Leauing me desolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polypheme*, where's all thy hope
And longing for thy beauteous *Galatea*?
Shee scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkned face.
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*.
But as for *Vlysses*, heauen and earth
Send vengeance euer on thy damned head.
In iust reuenge of my great iniury. *Somnus bind him.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops come.*
Come all ye *Cyclops* helpe to rescue me.

Somnus charmes him, he sleeps.

SOM. There rest thy selfe, and let thy quiet sleepe,
Restore thy weake imagination.

ACTVS. 5. SCENA. 12.

L I N G V A, S O M N V S, V I S V S.

LING. Ha, ha, ha soh how my spleene is tickled with this sport?
The madding Senses make about the woods,
It cheeres my soule and makes my body fat,
To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Heigh ho, the fitch hath caught me, oh my heart,
Would I had one, to hold my sides a while,
That I might laugh a fresh, oh how they runne,
And chase, and sweare, and threaten on another.
Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that binds me? *Somnus*
Helpe *Mendacio*, *Mendacio* helpe, here's one will rauish me. *binds her.*

SOM. *Lingua* content your selfe you must be bound.

LING. What a spight is this? Are my nailes par'd so neere? Can I
not scratch his eies out? What haue I done? What? Do you meane to
kill me? Murder, murder, murder. *I* *She falls a sleepe.*

ACT.

LINGVA.
ACT. 5. SCENA. 13.

GUSTVS, with a voiding knife in his hand, SOMNVS,
LINGVA, VISVS.

GUST. Who cries out murder? What a woman slain!
My Lady *Lingua* dead? Oh heavens unjust,
Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact,
And shower not fire vpon the murderer?
Ah peerelesse *Lingua*, mistresse of heavenly words,
Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Hearts deere inchantresse, what disaster fares,
Haue rest this Iewell from our Common-wealth?
Gustus the Ruby that adorne thy Ring,
Loe here defect, how shalt thou lead thy dayes,
Wanting the sweet companion of thy life,
But in darke sorrow, and dull melancholy?
But stay, who's this? Inhumane wretch,
Bloud-thirsty miscreant, is this thy handy-worke,
To kill a woman, a harmelesse Lady?
Villaine prepare thy selfe; draw, or Ile sheath my fauchion in thy sides.
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

*Gustus offers to run at Somnus, but being
suddenly charmed falls a sleepe.*

SOM. Here's such a stirre, I neuer knew the Senses in such disorder.
LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio*, See how *Visus* hath broke his
fore-head against the Oke yonder: ha, ha, ha, ha.
SOM. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I haue more trou-
ble to make one woman sleepe, then all the world besides, they are so
full of tattle.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 14.

Somnus, Crapula, (*Lingua, Visus, Gustus*) *Auditus* pulling *Olfactus* by
the Nose, and *Olfactus* wringing *Auditus* by the eares.

AUD. Oh mine eares, mines eares, mine eares.

OLF. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose.

CRA. Leau, leau at length these base contentions, *Olfactus* let him

OLF. Let him first loose my nose.

CRA. Good *Auditus* giue ouer.

AUD. Ile haue his life that sought to kill me.

SOM. Come, come, Ile end this quarrell, binde him *Crapula*.

They binde them both.

LINGVA.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

TACTVS, with his robe in his hand, SOMNVS, CRAPVLA,
LINGVA, GVSTVS, OLFACTVS, VISVS, AVDITVS.

TACT. Thankes *Deianira*, for thy kinde remembrance,
'Tis a faire shirt, I'll weare it for thy sake.

CRAP. *Somnus*, here's *Tactus* worfe then all his fellowes,
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage.

SOM. What will he do? see that he escapes vs not.

TACT. 'Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
'Tis very warme indeed; but whats the matter?
Me thinkes I am somewhat hotter then I was,
My heart beates faster then 'twas wont to do,
My braines inflamed, my temples ake extremely, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes among my bowels!
Aetna's within my brest, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones. Oh my sides, Oh my sides!
My sides, my reines, my head, my reines, my head,
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh!
I burne, I burne, I burne; oh how I burne
With scortching heate of implacable fire!
I burne extreame with flames vnufferable.

SOM. Sure he doth but try how to ake *Hercules*.

TACT. Is it this fire that boyles me thus? oh heauen!
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Ioues* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*,
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell, destroy great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Iano*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*?
And shall this poisoned linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villaines flye vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muster vp a troope of clouds,
And shower downe cataracts of raine to coole me,
Or else Ile breake her speckled bow in peeces.
Will she not? No, she hates me like her mistress;
Why then descend you roagues to the vile deepe,
Fetch *Neptunus* higher, charge him bring the sea
To quench these flames, or else the worlds faire frame

Will be in greater danger to be burnt

Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunnes rich Chariot.

SOM. Ile take that care the world shall not be burnt.

If *Somnus* cords can hold you.

Somnus binds him.

TACT. What *Vulcan*'s this that offers to inchaîne
A greater souldier then the God of warres?

SOM. He that each night with bloudlesse battell conquers
The proudest Conquerour that triumphs by warres.

CRA P. Now *Somnus* there's but onely one remaining,
That was the Author of these out-rages.

SOM. Who's that? Is he vnder my command?

CRA P. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way, and looke a-
bout those thickets, Ile go hither, and search this groue, I doubt not
but to finde him.

SOM. Content.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 16.

*APPETITVS, IRRACIBILIS, with a willow in his hand puld
up by the roots. SOMNVS, CRAPVLA. The Senses at a sleep.*

A P. So, now's the time that I would gladly meet

These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus;

What haunt me like an Owle? make an Ass of me?

No they shall know, I scorne to serue such maisters,

As cannot maister their affections,

Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature,

Now Ile be no more called hungry parasite:

But henceforth answer to the wrathfull name

Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp:

Zephrus coole me quickly with thy fanne,

Or else Ile cut thy cheekes: why this is braue,

Farre better then to faune at *Gustus* table

For a few scraps: no, no, such words as these

By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kill the slave:

By the infernall Hagg I'll hough the rogue,

And paunch the rascall that abus'd me thus:

Such words as these fit angry *Appetite*.

Enter Crapula.

CRA. *Somnus, Somnus*, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here,
he's here.

A P. I marry is he sirra, what of that base miscreant *Crapula*?

CRA. O gentle *Appetitus*,

A P. You muddy gulche, dost looke me in the face while mine eyes
sparkle

sparkle with reuengefull fire? (tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse.)

C R A. Good *Appetitus*,

A P. Peace you fat Bawson, peace, (tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse)

Seest not this fatall engine of my wrath?

Villaine Ile maule thee for thine old offences,

And grinde the bones to powder with this pestle.

You, when I had no weapons to defend me,

Could beate me out of doores; but now prepare,

Make thy selfe ready, for thou shalt not scape.

Thus doth the great reuengefull *Appetitus*,

Vpon his fat foe wreake his wrathfull spite.

*Appetitus beaneth vp his Club to braue
Crapula, but Somnus in the meane
time, catcheth him behind, and binds him,*

S O M. Why how now *Crapula*?

C R A. Am I not dead? is not my soule departed?

S O M. No, no, see where he lies, that would haue hurt thee feare no-
thing.

*Somnus layes the Senses all in a circle, fees
to feet, and wasts his wand ouer them.*

So rest you all in silent quietnesse.

Let nothing wake you till the power of sleepe

With his sweet dew, cooling your braines inflamed,

Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,

Bred by your surfet and distemperature:

Lo here the Senses late outrageous,

All in a round together sleepe like friends,

For there's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,

The poore and rich, the beauteous and deformed,

Wrapt in the vail of night, and bonds of sleepe,

Without whose power and sweet dominion,

Our life were Hell, and pleasure painefulnesse,

The sting of enuie, and the dart of loue,

Auarice talons, and the fire of hate:

Would poison, would, distract, and soone consume

The heart, the liuer, life and minde of man:

The sturdy Mower, that with brawny armes,

Wieldeth the crooked sithe in many a swathe,

Cutting the flowry pride on the yeluet plaine,

Lies downe at night, and in the weary folds

Of his wiues armes, forgets his labour past,

The painefull Mariner, and carefull Smith,

The

The toyling Plow-man, all Artificers,
 Most humbly yeeld to my dominion;
 Without due rest nothing is durable;
 Lethus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
 With his most awfull wand, and halfe the yeare
 Reignes o'e the best and proudest Emperours.
 Onely the Nurlings of the sisters nine,
 Rebell against me, scorne my great command,
 And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
 Drops sleepey silence to the eyes of all,
 They onely wake, and with vnwearied toyle,
 Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
 That leads to the heauen of immortality,
 And by the lofty towring of their minds,
 Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselues vnto the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth, and heauen in a thought;
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industry was neuer yet rewarded,
 Better to sleepe then wake, and toyle for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 17.

*The five Senses, LINGVA, APPETITVS, all asleepe, and
 dreaming, PHANTASTES, HEVRESIS.*

AVD. So ho Rocwood, so ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ,
 hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Alceons* head-tire it's a very deep-mouth'd
 dogge, a most admirable cry of hounds: looke here, againe, againe
 there, there, ah ware counter.

VIS. Do you see the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it? why
 me thinkes 'tis too too euident, I see his dogge very plaine, and looke
 you, iust vnder his taile is a thorne-bush of the Furies.

GVS. I will make a fine tooth-picke, that Larkes heele there: O do
 not burne it.

PHA. Boy, *Heuresis*, what think'st thou I thinke, when I thinke no-
 thing.

HSV. And it please you sir, I thinke you are deuising how to answer
 a man that asks you nothing.

PHO. Well gest boy, but yet thou hast lookt it: for I was thinking
 of the constancy of women.

Beware sirra, take heed, I doubt me there's some wild Boare lodged here about. How now? methinkes these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them.

T A C. Oh, oh, oh, I am stab'd, I am stab'd, hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

P H A. How now? do they talke in their sleepe? are they not awake *Heuresus*?

H E V. No questionlesse, they be all fast a sleepe.

G V S. Eate not too many of those Aples, they be very flatuie.

O L F. Foh, beat out this dogge here, foh, was it you *Appetitus*?

A V D. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoeuer it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent.

T A C. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

P H A. Ha, ha, ha, ha, st, *Heuresus*, stirre not sirra.

A P. Shut the doore, the pot runs ouer, sirra Cooke, that will be a sweet Pasty if you nibble the vinifon so.

G V S. Say you so? is a Marrow-pye the *Helena* of meates? giue me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me. Boy, a cleane Trencher.

A P. Serue vp, serue vp, this is a fat Rabber, would I might haue the maiden-head of it: Come, giue me the fish there; who hath medled with these, maides? ha?

O L F. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can be.

T A C. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my legge, my legge.

L I N. I must ha brode presently, reach me my best Necklace presently.

P H A. Ah *Lingua* are you there?

A V D. Here take this rope, and I'll helpe the leader close with the second Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane spoild.

V I S. I'll lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: wel, wel, I know it, marke but her nose, do you not see the complection cracke out? I must confesse 'tis a good picture.

T A C. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me so, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands, I cannot indure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

V I S. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now; looke about that bush, shee trust her there about, — here she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing auant.

L I N. Muin, mum, mum, mum.

P H A. st, sirra take heed you wake her not.

H E V. I know fir she is fast a sleepe, for her mouth is shut.

L I N. This 'tis to venture vpon such vncertainties to loose so rich a Crowne to no end. (Well, well.)

P H A. Ha, ha, ha, we shal here anon, where shee lost her maidenhead, st boy, my Lord Vicegerent, & Maister Register are hard by, run quickly, tell

tell them of this accident, with them come softly. *Exit Hamlet.*

LING. *Mendacio*, neuer talke further, I doubt 'tis past recovery, and my Robe likewise, I shall neuer haue them againe; well, well.

PHA. How? her Crowne and her Robe, neuer recouer them? hum, wast not said to be left by *Mercury*? ha? I coniecture here's some knavery---fast lockt with sleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feele more, if I liue.

PHA. O strange, she answers in her sleepe to my question, but how come the Senses to strue for it?

LING. Why I laid it vpon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

PHA. What a strange thing is this?

ACT. 5. SCEN. 18.

The Senses, APPETITVS, & LINGVA asleepe, PHANTASTES COMMVNIS SENSVS, MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

PHA. ft, my Lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest peece of treason discouered; how say you *Lingua* set all the Senses at oddes, she hath confest it to me in her sleepe.

COM.S. Is't possible Maister Register? did you euer know any talke in their sleepe?

MEM. I remember my Lord, many haue done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease, many of them I haue heard answer in their dreames, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANA. By the same token there was a wanton maid, that being asked by her Mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a roome, she presently said, that-----

MEM. Peace you vile rake-hell, is such a leet fit for this company? No more I say sirra.

PHA. My Lord, will you belieue your owne eares, you shall heare her answer me as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua* what did you with the Crowne and Garments?

LING. He tell thee *Mendacio*:

PHA. She thinks *Mendacio* speaks to her, marke now, marke how truly she will answer. What say you Madame?

LING. I say *Phantaster* is a foolish transparent gull; a meece fanaticke

ACT V. SCENE II.

VIS. *Sage Telmessus*, I now too late admit
Thy deepe fore-sight and skill in Prophecy,
Who whilome toldst me that in time to come
Phyfes should deprive me of my sight.
And now the slave that marcht in *Ome's* name
Is prou'd *Phyfes*, and by this device
Hath scapt my hands, and fled away by sea,
Leaving me desolate in eternall night.
Ah wretched *Polyphemus*, where's all thy hope
And longing for thy beauteous *Galathea*?
Shee scorn'd thee once, but now she will detest,
And loath to looke vpon thy darkned face.
Aye me most miserable *Polyphemus*,
But as for *Phyfes*, heaven and earth
Send vengeance: euer on thy damned head.
In iust reuenge of my great injury. *Somewhild time.*
Who is he that dares to touch me? *Cyclops* come.
Come all ye *Cyclops* helpe to rescue me. *Somewhild time.*
Somewhild time. *Somewhild time.*
SOM. There rest thy selfe, and let thy quiet sleepe,
Restore thy weake imagination.

ACT V. SCENE II.

LINGVA, SOMNVS, VISVS.

LING. Ha, ha, ha soh how my spleene is tickled with this sport?
The madding Senses make about the woods,
It cheeres my soule and makes my body fat
To laugh at their mischances, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Heigh ho, the stitch hath caught me, oh my head.
Would I had one to hold my side a while
That I might laugh a fresh, oh how they runne
And chase, and sweare, and threaten on another.
Ay me, out alas, ay me help, help, who's this that binds me? *Somewhild time.*
Helpe *Mendacis*, *Mendacis* helpe, here's one will causth me. *binds her.*
SOM. *Lingva* content your selfe you must be bound.
LING. What a spight is this? Are my nailes par'd so neere? Can I
not scratch his cies out? What haue I done? What? Do you meane to
kill me? Murder, murder, murder. *I* *She falls a sleepe.*

ACT. 3. SCENA 15.

GUST. With a bloody knife in his hand, SOM. V.

LING. V. I.

GUST. Who cries out murder? What a woman slain!
My Lady *Lingua* dead? Oh heavens! in dust,
Can you behold this fact, this bloody fact,
And shower not fire vpon the murderer?
Ah peerelesse *Lingua*, mistress of heavenly words,
Sweet tongue of eloquence, the life of fame,
Hearts deere enchantresse, what disaster fates,
Haue rest this Iewell from our Common wealth?
Gustus the Ruby that adorne thy Ring,
Loe here defect, how shalt thou lead thy dayes,
Wanting the sweet companion of thy life,
But in darke sorrow, and dull melancholy?
But stay, who's this? Inhumane wretch,
Bloud-thirsty miscreant, is this thy handy-work,
To kill a woman, a harmelesse Lady?
Villaine prepare thy selfe; draw, or Ile sheath my fauchion in thy sides.
There take the guerdon fit for murderers.

Gustus offers to run at Somnus, but being suddenly charmed falls a sleepe.

SOM. Here's such a stirre, I neuer knew the Senses in such disorder.
LING. Ha, ha, ha; *Mendacio, Mendacio*, See how *Vifus* hath broke his
fore-head against the Oke yonder: ha, ha, ha, ha.
SOM. How now? Is not *Lingua* bound sufficiently? I haue more trou-
ble to make one woman sleepe, then all the world besides, they are so
full of tattle.

ACT. 3. SCENA 14.

Somnus, Crapola, (*Lingua, Vifus, Gustus*) *Auditus* pulling *Olfactus* by
the Nose, and *Olfactus* wringing *Auditus* by the eares.

AVD. Oh mine eares, mines eares, mine eares.
OLF. Oh my nose, my nose, my nose. (go.
CRA. Leau, leau at length these base contentions, *Olfactus* let him
OLF. Let him first loose my nose.
CRA. Good *Auditus* bid ouer.
AVD. Ile haue his life that sought to kill me.
SOM. Come, come, Ile end this quarrell, binde him.

They bind them both.

ACT.

ACT 3. SCENE 3.

TACTVS, with his robe in his hand, SONNVS CRAPVS,
LINGVA, GVSTVS, OLSACTVS, VISVS, AVDITVS.

TACT. Thanks *Diemora*, for thy kinde remembrance,
Tis a faire shirt, Ile weare it for thy sake.

CRAP. *Jonas*, here's *Tact*, worse then all his fellows,
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage.

SOM. What will he do? see that he escapes vs not.

TACT. Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
'Tis very warme indeed; but whats the matter?
Me thinkes I am somewhat hotter then I was,
My heart beates faster then 'twas wont to do,
My braines inflamed, my temples ake extremely, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire crepes among my bowels!
Arnd's within my brest, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones. Oh my sides, Oh my sides!
My sides, my reines, my head, my reines, my head,
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh!
I burne, I burne, I burne; oh how I burne
With scortching heate of implacable fire!
I burne extreame with flames vnslufferable.

SOM. Sure he doth but try how to act *Hercules*.

TACT. Is it this fire that boyles me thus? oh heavens!
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Jones* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeston*,
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell, destroy great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Iuno*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty *Jonie* of *Iupiter*?
And shall this poisoned linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villaines flye vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muster vp a troope of clouds,
And shower downe cataracts of raine to coole me,
Or else Ile breake her speckled bow in peeces,
Will she not? No, she hates me like her mistress;
Why then descend you rogues to the vile deepe,
Fetch *Nereus* higher, charge him bring the sea
To quench these flames, or else the worlds faire frame

Will be in greater danger to be burnt

Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunnes chariot.

SOM. I'll take that care the world shall not be burnt.

If *Somus* cords can hold you.

TACT. What Vulcan's this that offers to inchaine

A greater souldier then the God of warres?

SOM. He that each night with bloodie battell conquers

The proudest Conquerour that triumphs by warres.

CRAP. Now *Somus* there's but onely one remaining,

That was the Author of these out-rages.

SOM. Who's that? Is he vnder my command?

CRAP. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way, and looke about those thickets, I'll go hither, and search this groue, I doubt not but to finde him.

SOM. Content.

Exeunt Somus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 16.

APPETITVS, IRRACIBILIS, with a willow in his hand pulled up by the roots. SOMNVS, CRAPVLA. The Senses at a sleep.

AP. So, now's the time that I would gladly meet

These madding Senses that abus'd me thus;

What haunt me like an Owle? make an Ass of me?

No they shall know, I come to serue such maisters,

As cannot maister their affections,

Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature;

Now I'll be no more called hungry parasite

But henceforth answer to the wrathfull name

Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp;

Zephrus coole me quickly with thy fanne,

Or else Ile cut thy cheekes: why this is braue,

Farre better then to faune at *Cassius* table

For a few scraps: no, no, such words as these

By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kill the slave:

By the infernall Haggas Ile hough the rege,

And paunch the rascall that abus'd me thus:

Such words as these fit angry *Appetite*.

Enter Crapula.

CRAP. *Somus*, *Somus*, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.

AP. I marry is he sirra, what of that? *Sleepe* miscreant *Crapula*!

CRAP. O gentle *Appetitus*!

AP. You muddy gulche, dost thoue not in the face what name thou

sparkle with reuengefull fire? (tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse)

C. R. A. Good Appetite,

A. P. Peace you sit Dawson, peace, (tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse)

Seekest not this fatall engine of my wracke

Villaine Ile maule thee for this offence,

And grinde the bones to powder with this pestle.

You, when I had no weapons to defend me,

Could beate me out of doores; but now prepare,

Make thy selfe ready, for thou shalt not scape.

Thus doth the great reuengefull Appetite,

Vpon his fat foe wreake his wrathfull spite.

Appetitus beueth up his Chub to braine

Crapula, but Somnus in the meane

time cracheth him behind, and binds him.

S. O. M. Why how now Crapula?

C. R. A. Am I not dead? is not my soule departed?

S. O. M. No, no, see where he lies, that would haue hurt thee feare nothing.

*Somnus layeth the Senses all in a circle fast
to feet, and wafes his wand ouer them.*

So rest you all in silent quietnesse.

Let nothing wake you till the power of sleepe

With his sweet dew, cooling your braines inflamed,

Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,

Bred by your surfet and distemperature.

Lo here the Senses late outrageous,

All in a round together sleepe like friends,

For there's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,

The poore and rich, the beauteous and deformed,

Wrapt in the vail of night, and bonds of sleepe;

Without whose power and sweet dominion,

Our life were Hell, and pleasure painefulnesse,

The sting of enuie, and the dart of loue,

Auarice talons, and the fire of hate;

Would poison, would, dissolve, and soune consume

The heart, the liuer, life and kinde of man.

The sturdy Mower, that with reuoluing scythes,

Wieldeth the crooked sithe in reuoluing swathe,

Cutting the flowry pride on the velvet plaine,

Lies downe at night, and in the weary fold

Of his winnes armes, forgets his labour past.

The painefull Miner, and carefull Smith,

The sleeping Phoenix, with all her kind,
Methinks, as yet, on my dominions
Without one crill nothing is done.
Lest her death should compass all the world
With lamentation full woe, and thus they are
Reignes o're the best and proudest Emperours.
Onely the Nurlings of the filiers nine,
Rebell against me, leorne my great command,
And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
Drops sleepey silence to the eyes of all,
They onely wake, and with vnwearied toyle,
Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
That leads to the heauen of immortality,
And by the lofty towring of their minds,
Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned music,
They raise themselves vnto the highest pitch,
Marrying base earth, and heauen in a thought;
But thus I punish their rebellion,
Their industry was neuer yet rewarded,
Better to sleepe then wake, and toyle for nothing.

Exeunt Senatus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 17.

*The five Senses, LINGVA, APPETITVS, all asleepe, and
dreaming, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.*

AVD. So be Rocwood, so be Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ,
hay Chanter, Chanter, by *Alseus* head-tire it's a very deep-mouth'd
dogge, a most admirable cry of hounds: I looke here, againe, againe
there, there, ah ware counter.

VIS. Do you see the full Moone yonder, and see the man in it? why
me thinkes tis too too euident, I see his dogge very plaine, and looke
you, iust vnder his taile is a thorne-bush of the Paries.

GVS. Toill make a fine tooth-picke, the Lacks heels there: O do
not burne.

PHA. Boy, *Hearsis*, what think'st thou I thinke, when I thinke no-
thing.

HIS. And it please you sir, I thinke you are deuising how to answer
a man that asks you nothing.

PHA. Well gott boy, but yet should haue fit: for I was thinking
of the constancy of women.

Beware

Howeuer fast, take heed, I doubt not, there's some will be here about. How now? methinkes these be the Senses, for he is the elder brother of death has kist them.

TAC. Oh, oh, oh, I am stabb'd, I am stabb'd, hold your hand, ah, ah, ah.

PHA. How now? do they talke in their sleepe? are they not awake *Heu'ful*

HEV. No questionlesse, they be all fast a sleepe.

GVS. Eate not too many of those Aples, they be very flatulie.

OLF. Foh, beat out this dogge here, foh, was it you *Appetit*

AVD. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoeuer it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent.

TAC. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, st, *Heu'ful*, sitre not firra.

AP. Shut the doore, the pot runs ouer, firra Cooke, that will be a sweet Pasty if you nibble the winifon so.

GVS. Say you so? is a Marrow-pye the *Helena* of meates? giue me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me. Boy, a cleane Trencher.

AP. Serue vp, serue vp, this is a fat Rabbet, would I might haue the maiden-head of it; Come, giue me the fish there; who hath medled with these, maides? ha?

OLF. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can be.

TAC. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my legge, my legge.

LIN. I must ha brode presently, reach me my best Necklace presently.

PHA. Ah *Lingua* are you there?

AVD. Here take this rope, and I'll helpe the leader close with the second Bell. Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane spoild.

VIS. I loe my life that Gentlewoman is painted: wel, wel, I know it, marke but her nose, do you not see the complexion cracke out? I must confesse 'tis a good picture.

TAC. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me so, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands, I cannot indure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

VIS. Hai, rett, rett, rett now bird, now; looke about that bush, shee trust her there about, — here she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing anaunt.

LING. Munn, munn, munn, munn.

PHA. st, firra take heed you wake but not.

HEV. I know fir she is fast a sleepe, for her mouth is shut.

LING. This 'tis to venture vpon such vncertainties to loose so rich a Crowne to no end. [Well, well.]

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, we shal here anon, where shee lost her maiden-head, if boy, my Lord Vicegerent, & Master Register are hard by, my quiddio

call themselves *Idiot* indeed, with their come softly.

LING. *Madam*, never talke further, I doubt 'de past recovery and my Robe like wife, I doubt never speake againe; well, well.

P.H.A. How? her Crowne and her Robe, never recover them? hum, wast not said to be left by *Mercury*? ha? I coniecture here's some knavery—fast lockt with sleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feele more, if I live.

P.H.A. O strange, she answers in her sleepe to my question, but how come the Senses to stirre for it?

LING. Why I laid it vpon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

P.H.A. What a strange thing is this?

ACT. 5. SCEN. 18.

The Senses, APPETITVS, & LINGVA asleepe, PHANTASTES COMMVNIS SENSVS, MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

P.H.A. fit, my Lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest peeces of treason discovered; how say you *Lingua* set all the Senses at odds, she hath confest it to me in her sleepe.

COM.S. Is't possible Maister Register? did you euer know any talke in their sleepe?

MEM. I remember my Lord, many haue done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease, many of them I haue heard answer in their dreames, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANA. By the same token there was a wanton maid, that being asked by her Mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a roome, she presently said, that

MEM. Peace you vile rake-hell, is such a leet fit for this company? No more I say sirra.

P.H.A. My Lord, will you helpe your owne eares, you shall heare her answer me as directly and truly as my Lord. *Lingua* what did you with the Crowne and Garments?

LING. He tell thee *Madam*.

P.H.A. She thinks *Madam* speaks to her now, make how truly she will answer. What say you *Madam*?

LING. My Phantasie is a foolish, impudent gull; a meer fanaticke nupson

naples, my imagination, not worthy to be as a Iphigeneia's sacrifice.
Com. S. Ha, ha, ha, how rarely and directly she is mad.

Pha. Faw, faw, she dreames now, she knows not what she saies.
Let try her once againe: Madam, what remedy can you haue for your
great losses?

Ling. O, are you come *Acrasia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a
Cushion, be downe good *Acrasia*; I am so beholding to you, your po-
tion wrought exceedingly, the Senses were so mad, did not you see
how they rag'd about the Woods?

Com. Hum *Acrasia*'s *Acrasia* her confederate? my life that Witch hath
wrought some villany ———— *Ungua riseth in her sleepe, & walketh.*
How's this? is she a Sleeper? haue you seene one walke thus before?

M. M. It is a very common thing, I haue seene many sicke of the
Peripareticke disease.

Ana. By the same token, my Lord, I knew one that went abroad
in his sleepe, bent his Bow, shot at a Magpie, kill'd her, fetcht his arrow,
came home, lockt the dores, and went to bed againe.

Com. S. What should be the reason of it?

M. M. I remember *Scalliger* told me the reason once, as I thinke thus:
The nerues that carry the mouing faculty fro the braines to the thighes,
legges, arme, and armes, are wider farre then the other nerues, wherefore
they are not so easily stop't with the vapours of sleepe, but are night and
day ready to performe what fancy shall command them.

Com. S. It may be so, but *Phenastus* enquire more of *Acrasia*.

Pha. What did you with the potion *Acrasia* made you?

Ling. Gave it to the Senses; and made them as mad as ——— well, if
I cannot recover it ——— let it go, I'll not leaue them thus.

Com. S. *She lies downe againe.*

Com. S. Boy, awake the Senses there.

Ana. Hoe, hoe, *Adrian*, yep, yep; so hoe *Ossian* haue at your nose;
yep *Pisus*, *Gastus*, *Tactus*, yep: What, can you not feel a pinch? haue I
you with a pinne. Tact. Oh, you Rob we, dis-

Com. S. *Tactus*, know you how you should liue?

Tact. No my Lord, not I, this I remember
We sup't with *Ossian*, and had wine good, good.
Whereof I thinke I tasted like gall. ————
Amongst the rest we drunke a composition of
Ofs most delicate and pleasant. ————
That was our brayn's Oake ————

Com. S. *What's that?*
Tact. *That was our brayn's Oake* ————
Com. S. *What's that?*
Tact. *That was our brayn's Oake* ————

Havr. My Lord, here's a fair recall was lurking in a bush very suspiciously, but when he saw the Countess, he was terrified, and fled.

So M.S. Sirrah, speak quickly what you know of these troubles.

CRAP. Nothing, my Lord, but that the Senies were mad, and that *Somnifera*, at my request, laid them a sleepe in hope to recover them.

COM.S. Why then 'tis too evident, *id est* at *Lingua* honest, bewitch the Senses, wake her quickly *Hemphill*.

LING. Heigh ho, our class, say me, where am I? how come I here?
where am I yah.

COM. *Looke, lo strangely vpon the matter, you haue confeſt in your ſleepe, that with a Crowne and a Robe you haue diſturb'd the Senſes, vſing a crafty helpe to enrage them: can you deny it?*

LING. Aye me, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship to forgive me. Never till now wouldst thou have seen me here.

Com.S. No. 20, its fault unpardonable. (Hirschman and Berman)

PRANK In my conceit Tongues you should seal to your lips, when you go to bed; these Feminine tongues be so glib.

Com.S. *Vifus, Tactus*, and the rest, our former Science-System
you will confirm as follows, and establish the Greatness you

For, and the Robe to you, Zephai, but as for you, Enged, who say I live
in you, Let me have mine owne, but I sweare y^e shall haue it. Ab-
leech you.

COURT.S. This may not be your good fare: fallen in such hands, my sentence cannot be recalled; you may see, who shall seek to take it from theirs, oftentimes loose what's their owne: Therefore, *Lingua*, granting you your life, I comit you to close prison in *Gustaf* his house; & charge you *Gustaf* to keepe her vnder the custody of two strong doers, & euery day till she come to 80. yeares of age, see she be well garded with 30. tall watch-men, without whose licence she shall by no means wag abroad, neither the lesse vse her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PRAN. I pray you, my Lord, add this to the judgement that whensoever free obtaineth licence to walke abroad, in token the Tongue was the cause of her offence, let her wear a velvet-hood, made like in the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conscience 'tis a very pretty Embleme of a woman.

Y. 1. My Lord, the Duke's child, being his Son, is
about Treason, his father's Ambition.

Com. S. Ha? well, I will inflict discipline upon him for
let him be soundly whipt, and ever after, though he shall strike
speeches with the sinewes of truth, yet none shall beleefe him.

Phar. In my imagination, my Lord, the day is dead to the
Treason in my conceits grows dark, by which I could scarce
behold, therefore in my fancy and opinion 'tis best to repute
him a King.

Exeunt omnes, exceptis Ananestis & Appetitu.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 20.

ANANESTES, APPETITUS a sleepe in a corner.

ANA. What's this, a fellow whispering so closely with the eard
ho, soe hee, so how, *Appetitu*, how, I saith now I thinke *Morphaus* has
sifted huth bin here, vp with a pox to you, vp you liske, I haue such
to tell thee: Sirra all the Senses are well, and *Logus* is proued guilty
vp, vp, I neuer knew him so fast a sleepe in all my life. *Appetitu* f
May thee haue at you a tisse, tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse.

App. Tog me once againe, and I'll throw this hot melle of po
to your face, cannot one stand quietly at the Dresser for you.

ANA. Ha, ha, ha, I thinke it is impossible for him to sleepe long
then he dreames of victuals, what *Appetitu*, vp quickly, quickly,
quickly sirra: tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse.

App. He come presently, but I hope you'll stay till they be ready
will you-eat them raw. ANA. Roasted, ha, ha, ha, vp, vp, vp, away.

App. Reach the sawce quickly, here's no sage, whaw, whaw, whaw
oh, oh, oh.

ANA. What neuer wake, tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse, wilt neuer be.
Thus I must try another way I see.

15/
LINGVA

OR

The Combat of the

Tongue,

And the five Senses

FOR

Superiority.

A pleasant Comœdie.

LONDON,

Printed by NICHOLAS OKE, for
SIMON WATERSON.

1617.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 13.

TACTVS, with his robe in his hand, SOMNVS, CRAPVL
LINOVA, GVSTVS, OLSACTVS, VISVS, AVDITVS.

TACT. Thanks *Deianira*, for thy kinde remembrance,
Tis a faire shirt, I'll weare it for thy sake.

CRAP. *Somnus*, here's *Tactus* worse then all his fellowes,
Stay but a while, and you shall see him rage.

SOM. What will he do? see that he escapes vs not.

TACT. Tis a good shirt, it fits me passing well,
'Tis very warme indeed; but whats the matter?
Me thinkes I am somewhat hotter then I was,
My heart beates faster then 'twas wont to do,
My braines inflamed, my temples ake extremely, oh, oh,
Oh what a wild-fire creepes among my bowels!
Aetna's within my breest, my marrow fries,
And runs about my bones. Oh my sides, Oh my sides!
My sides, my reines, my head, my reines, my head,
My heart, my heart, my liuer, my liuer, oh!
I burne, I burne, I burne; oh how I burne
With scorching heate of implacable fire!
I burne extreame with flames vn sufferable.

SOM. Sure he doth but try how to act *Hercules*.

TACT. Is it this fire that boyles me thus? oh heauens!
It fires me worse, and heates more furiously
Then *Ioues* dire thunderbolts; oh miserable,
They bide lesse paine that bathe in *Phlegeton*;
Could not the triple kingdome of the world,
Heauen, Earth, and Hell, destroy great *Hercules*?
Could not the damned sprights of hatefull *Imo*,
Nor the great dangers of my labours kill me?
Am I the mighty sonne of *Iupiter*?
And shall this poisoned linnen thus consume me?
Shall I be burnt? villaines flye vp to heauen,
Bid *Iris* muster vp a troope of clouds,
And shower downe cataraacts of raine to coole me,
Or else Ile breake her speckled bow in peeces.
Will she not? No, she hates me like her mistris;
Why then descend you roagues to the vile deepe,
Fetch *Neptune* hither, charge him bring the sea
To quench these flames, or else the worlds faire frame

Will be in greater danger to be burnt

Then when proud *Phaeton* rul'd the Sunnes rich Chariot.

SOM. Ile take that care the world shall not be burnt.

If *Sonnus* cords can hold you. *Sonnus binds him.*

TACT. What Vulcan's this that offers to inchaine

A greater souldier then the God of warres?

SOM. He that each night with bloudlesse battell conquers

The proudest Conquerour that triumphs by warres.

CRAP. Now *Sonnus* there's but onely one remaining,

That was the Author of these out-rages.

SOM. Who's that? Is he vnder my command?

CRAP. Yes, yes, yes, 'tis *Appetitus*; if you go that way, and looke about those thickets, Ile go hither, and search this groue, I doubt not but to finde him.

SOM. Content.

Exeunt Sonnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 16.

APPETITVS, IRRACIBILIS, with a willow in his hand puld vp by the roots. SOMNVS, CRAPVLA. The Senses at a sleep.

AP. So, now's the time that I would gladly meet

These madding *Senses* that abus'd me thus;

What haunt me like an Owle? make an Ass of me?

No they shall know, I scorne to serue such maisters,

As cannot maister their affections,

Their iniuries haue chang'd my nature,

Now Ile be no more called hungry parasite:

But henceforth answere to the wrathfull name

Of angry *Appetite*, my choller's vp:

Lephirus coole me quickly with thy fanne,

Or else Ile cut thy cheekes: why this is braue,

Farre better then to faune at *Gustus* table

For a few scraps: no, no, such words as these:

By *Pluto* stabbe the villaine, kill the slaue:

By the infernall Haggas Ile hough the rogue,

And paunch the rascall that abus'd me thus:

Such words as these fit angry *Appetite*.

Enter Crapula.

CRAP. *Sonnus, Sonnus*, come hither, come hither quickly, he's here, he's here.

AP. I marry is he sirra, what of that base miscreant *Crapula*?

CRAP. O gentle *Appetitus*.

AP. You muddy gulche, darst looke me in the face while mine eyes sparkle

sparkle with reuengefull fire? (tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse,)

C R A. Good *Appetitus*.

A P. Peace you fat Bawson, peace, (tisse, tosse, tisse, tosse)

Seest not this fatall engine of my wrath?

Villaine Ile maulc thee for thine old offences,

And grinde the bones to powder with this pestle.

You, when I had no weapons to defend me,

Could beate me out of doores; but now prepare,

Make thy selfe ready, for thou shalt not scape.

Thus doth the great reuengefull *Appetite*,

Vpon his fat foe wreake his wrathfull spire.

*Appetitus beaueth up his Club to braine
Crapula, but Somnus in the meane
time, catcheth him behind, and binds him.*

S O M. Why how now *Crapula*?

C R A. Am I not dead? is not my soule departed?

S O M. No, no, see where he lies, that would haue hurt thee feare no-
thing.

*Somnus layes the Senses all in a circle, feet
to feet, and wafis his wand ouer them.*

So rest you all in silent quietnesse.

Let nothing wake you till the power of sleepe

With his sweet dew, cooling your braines inflamed,

Hath rectified the vaine and idle thoughts,

Bred by your surfet and distemperature:

Lo here the Senses late outrageous,

All in a round together sleepe like friends,

For there's no difference twixt the King and Clowne,

The poore and rich, the beauteous and deformed,

Wrapt in the vaile of night, and bonds of sleepe,

Without whose power and sweet dominion,

Our life were Hell, and pleasure painefulnesse,

The sting of enuie, and the dart of loue,

Auarice talons, and the fire of hate:

Would poison, would, distract, and soone consume

The heart, the liuer, life and minde of man;

The sturdy Mower, that with brawny armes,

Wieldeth the crooked sicke in many a swathe,

Cutting the flowry pride on the veluet plaine,

Lies downe at night, and in the weary folds

Of his wiues armes, forgets his labour past,

The painefull Mariner, and carefull Smith.

The toyling Plow-man, all Artificers,
 Most humbly yeeld to my dominion;
 Without due rest nothing is durable.
 Loe thus doth *Somnus* conquer all the world
 With his most awfull wand, and halfe the yeare
 Reignes o're the best and proudest Emperours.
 Onely the Nurslings of the sisters nine,
 Rebell against me, scorne my great command,
 And when darke night from her bedewy wings,
 Drops sleepy silence to the eyes of all,
 They onely wake, and with vnwearied toyle,
 Labour to finde the *Via lactea*,
 That leads to the heauen of immortality,
 And by the lofty towring of their minds,
 Fledg'd with the feathers of a learned muse,
 They raise themselues vnto the highest pitch,
 Marrying base earth, and heauen in a thought;
 But thus I punish their rebellion,
 Their industry was neuer yet rewarded,
 Better to sleepe then wake, and toyle for nothing.

Exeunt Somnus & Crapula.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 17.

*The five Senses, LINGVA, APPETITVS, all asleepe, and
 dreaming, PHANTASTES, HEURESIS.*

A V D. So ho Rocwood, so ho Rocwood, Rocwood, your Organ,
 my Chanter, Chanter, by *Alteons* head-tire it's a very deep-mouth'd
 dogge, a most admirable cry of hounds: looke here, againe, againe
 here, there, ah ware counter.

V I S. Do you see the full Moone yonder, and not the man in it? why
 he thinkes 'tis too too euident, I see his dogge very plaine, and looke
 you, iust vnder his taile is a thorne-bush of the Furies.

G V S. 'Twill make a fine tooth-picke, that Larkes heele there: O do
 not burne it.

P H A. Boy, *Heuresis*, what think'st thou I thinke, when I thinke no-
 thing.

H E V. And it please you sir, I thinke you are deuising how to answer
 man that asks you nothing.

P H A. Well gest boy, but yet thou mistook'st it: for I was thinking
 of the constancy of women.

Appetitus snores aloud.

Beware sirra, take heed, I doubt me there's some wild Boare lodged here about. How now? methinkes these be the Senses, ha? in my conceit the elder brother of death has kist them.

TAC. Oh, oh, oh, I am stab'd, I am stab'd, hold your hand, oh, oh, oh.

PHA. How now? do. they talke in their sleepe? are they not awake *Heuresis?*

HEV. No questionlesse, they be all fast a sleepe.

GVS. Eate not too many of those Aples, they be very flatue.

OLF. Foh, beat out this dogge here, foh, was it you *Appetitus?*

AVD. In faith it was most sweetly winded, whosoeuer it was, the warble is very good, and the horne is excellent.

TAG. Put on man, put on, keepe your head warme, 'tis cold.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ft, *Heuresis*, stirre not sirra.

AP. Shut the doore, the pot runs ouer, sirra Cooke, that will be a sweet Pasty if you nibble the vinison so.

GVS. Say you so? is a Marrow-pye the *Helena* of meates? giue me't, if I play not *Paris* hang me. Boy, a cleane Trencher.

AP. Serue vp, serue vp, this is a fat Rabbet, would I might haue the maiden-head of it: Come, giue me the fish there; who hath medled with these, maides? ha?

OLF. Fie, shut your snuffers closer for shame, 'tis the worst smell that can be.

TAC. O the crampe, the crampe, the crampe, my legge, my legge.

LIN. I must abrode presently, reach me my best Necklace presently.

PHA. Ah *Lingua* are you there?

AVD. Here take this rope, and I'll helpe the leader close with the second Bell: Fie, fie, there is a goodly peale cleane spoild.

VIS. I'll lay my life that Gentlewoman is painted: wel, wel, I know it, marke but her nose, do you not see the complexion cracke out? I must confesse 'tis a good picture.

TAC. Ha, ha, ha, fie, I pray you leaue, you tickle me so, oh, ah, ha, ha, take away your hands, I cannot indure, ah you tickle me, ah, ha, ha, ha, ah.

VIS. Hai, rett, rett, rett, now bird, now; looke about that bush, shee trust her there about,—here she is, ware wing Cater, ware wing awaunt.

LING. Mum, mum, mum, mum.

PHA. ft, sirra take heed you wake her not.

HEV. I know fir she is fast a sleepe, for her mouth is shut.

LING. This 'tis. to venture vpon such vncertainties to loose so rich a Crowne to no end. Well, well.

PHA. Ha, ha, ha, we shal here anon, where shee lost her maidenhead, ft boy, my Lord Vicegerent, & Maister Register are hard by, run quickly, tell

LINGVA.

tell them of this accident, with them come softly. *Exit Hæresis.*

LING. *Mendacio*, neuer talke further, I doubt 'tis past recovery, and my Robe likewise, I shall neuer haue them againe; well, well.

PHA. How? her Crowne and her Robe, neuer recouer them? hum, wast not said to be left by *Mercury*? ha? I coniecture here's some knauery---fast lockt with sleepe, in good faith. Was that Crowne and garment yours *Lingua*?

LING. I marry were they, and that some body hath felt, and shall feele more, if I liue.

PHA. O strange, she answeres in her sleepe to my question, but how come the Senses to striue for it?

LING. Why I laid it vpon purpose in their way, that they might fall together by the eares.

PHA. What a strange thing is this?

ACT.5. SCEN.18.

The Senses, APPETITVS, & LINGVA asleepe, PHANTASTES COMMVNIS SENSVS, MEMORIA, ANAMNESTES.

PHA. ft, my Lord, softly, softly, here's the notablest peece of treason discovered; how say you *Lingua* set all the Senses at oddes, she hath confest it to me in her sleepe.

COM.S. Is't possible Maister Register? did you euer know any talke in their sleepe?

MEM. I remember my Lord, many haue done so very oft; but women are troubled especially with this talking disease, many of them I haue heard answer in their dreames, and tell what they did all day awake.

ANA. By the same token there was a wanton maid, that being asked by her Mother, what such a one did with her so late one night in such a roome, she presently said, that_____

MEM. Peace you vile rake-hell, is such a iest fit for this company? No more I say sirra.

PHA. My Lord, will you belieue your owne eares, you shall heare her answere me as directly and truly as may be. *Lingua* what did you with the Crowne and Garments?

LING. Ile tell thee *Mendacio*:

PHA. She thinks *Mendacio* speakes to her, marke now, marke how truly she will answere. What say you Madame?

LING. I say *Phantastes* is a foolish transparent gull; a meere fanaticke nupson

nupson, in my imagination, not worthy to sit as a Iudges assistant.

COM. S. Ha, ha, ha, how truely and directly she answers?

PH A. Faw, faw, she dreames now, she knowes not what she saies. I'll try her once againe: Madame, what remedy can you haue for your great losses?

L I N G. O, are you come *Acraſia*? welcome, welcome, boy reach a Cushion, sit downe good *Acraſia*; I am so beholding to you, your potion wrought exceedingly, the Senses were so mad, did not you see how they raged about the Woods?

COM. Hum *Acraſia*? is *Acraſia* her confederate? my life that Witch hath wrought some villany ——— *Lingua riseth in her sleepe, & walketh*. How's this? is she a sleeper? haue you seene one walke thus before?

M E M. It is a very common thing, I haue seene many sicke of the Peripateticke disease.

A N A. By the same token, my Lord, I knew one that went abroad in his sleepe, bent his Bow, shot at a Magpie, kil'd her, fetcht his arrow, came home, lockt the doores, and went to bed againe.

COM. S. What should be the reason of it?

M E M. I remember *Scalliger* told me the reason once, as I thinke thus: The nerus that carry the mouing faculty frō the braines to the thighes, legges, feete, and armes, are wider farre then the other nerues, wherfore they are not so easily stopt with the vapours of sleepe, but are night and day ready to performe what fancy shall command them.

COM. S. It may be so, but *Phantastes* enquire more of *Araſia*.

PH AN. What did you with the potion *Araſia* made you?

L I N G. Gaue it to the Senses, and made them as mad as — well, if I cannot recouer it — let it go, I'll not leaue them thus,

She lies downe againe.

COM. S. Boy, awake the Senses there.

A N A. Hoe, hoe, *Auditus*, vp, vp; so hoe *Oſſactus* haue it your nose; vp *Visus*, *Gustus*, *Tactus*, vp: What, can you not feele a pinch? haue all you with a pinne. T A C T. Oh, you stab me, oh!

COM. S. *Tactus*, know you how you came hither?

T A C T. No my Lord, not I, this I remember We suppt with *Gustus*, and had wine good store. Whereof I thinke I tasted liberally. Amongst the rest we drunke a composition, Of a most delicate and pleasant relish, That made our braines some-what irregular,

ACT. 5. SCEN. 19.

*The Senses awake, LINGVA a sleepe, COMMVNIS SENSVS,
MEMORY, PHANTASTES, ANAMNESTES, HEVRESIS,
drawing CRAPVLA.*

HEVR. My Lord, here's a fat rascall was lurking in a bush very
suspiciously, his name he saies is *Crapula*.

COM.S. Sirrah, speake quickly what you know of these troubles.

CRAP. Nothing, my Lord, but that the Senses were mad, and that
Somnus, at my request, laid them a sleepe in hope to recouer them.

COM.S. Why then 'tis too euident, *Acrasia* at *Lingua's* request, be-
wicht the Senses, wake her quickly *Heuresis*.

LING. Heigh ho, out alas, aye me, where am I? how came I here?
where am I? ah.

COM.S. *Lingua* looke so strangely vpon the matter, you haue con-
fess in your sleepe, that with a Crowne and a Robe you haue disturb'd
the Senses, ying a crafty helpe to enrage them, can you deny it?

LING. Aye me, most miserable wretch, I beseech your Lordship
forgiue me.

COM.S. No, no, 'tis a fault vn pardonable. (*He consults with Atimny*)

PHAN. In my conceit *Lingua* you should scale vp your lips, when
you go to bed, these Feminine tongues be so glib.

COM.S. *Visus*, *Tactus*, and the rest, our former sentence concerning
you wee confirme as irreuocable, and establish the Crowne to you
Visus, and the Robe to you *Tactus*, but as for you *Lingua*.

LING. Let me haue mine owne, howsoeuer you determine, I be-
seech you.

COM.S. That may not be, your goods are fallen into our hands, my
sentence cannot be recalled; you may see, those that seeke what is not
theirs, oftentimes loose what's their owne: Therefore, *Lingua*, granting
you your life, I comit you to close prison in *Gustus* his house; & charge
you *Gustus* to keepe her vnder the custody of two strong dores, & eue-
ry day till she come to 80. yeares of age, see she be well garded with
30. tall watch-men, without whose licence she shall by no means wag
abroad, neuer the lesse vse her Lady-like, according to her estate.

PHAN. I pray you, my Lord, adde this to the iudgement that when-
soeuer shee obtaineth licence to walke abroad, in token the Tongue
was the cause of her offence, let her weare a veluet-hood, made iust in
the fashion of a great Tongue, in my conceite 'tis a very pretty Em-
bleme of a woman.

TACT. My Lord, she hath a wilde boy to her Page, a chiefe agent
in this Treason, his name's *Mendacio*.

COM.S. Ha? well, I will inflict this punishment on him for this time,
let him be soundly whipt, and euer after, though he shall strengthen his
speeches with the sinewes of truth, yet none shall beleue him.

PHAN. In my imagination, my Lord, the day is dead to the great
Toe, and in my conceite it growes darke, by which I coniecture it will
be cold, therefore in my fancy and opinion 'tis best to repaire to our
lodgings.

Exeunt omnes, exceptis Anamnestes & Appetitus.

ACT.5. SCEN.20.

ANAMNESTES, APPETITVS *a sleepe in a corner.*

ANA. What's this, a fellow whispering so closely with the earth,
ho, soe hoe, so how, *Appetitus*, how, I faith now I thinke *Adorphaus* him-
selfe hath bin here, vp with a pox to you, vp you luske, I haue such news
to tell thee: Sirra all the Senses are well, and *Lingua* is proued guilty, vp,
vp, vp, I neuer knew him so fast a sleepe in all my life. *Appetitus snores.*
Nay then haue at you a tisse, toffe, toffe, toffe, toffe.

AP. Iog me once againe, and I'll throw this hot messe of pottage
in your face, cannot one stand quietly at the Dresser for you.

ANA. Ha, ha, ha, I thinke it is impossible for him to sleepe longer
then he dreames of victuals, what *Appetitus*, vp quickly, quickly, vp
quickly sirra: tisse, toffe, tisse, toffe.

AP. I'll come presently, but I hope you'll stay till they be roasted,
will you eate them raw. ANA. Roasted, ha, ha, ha; vp, vp, vp, away,

AP. Reach the sawce quickly, here's no sage, whaw, whaw, whaw,
oh, oh, oh.

ANA. What neuer wake, tisse, toffe, tisse, toffe, wilt neuer be,
Then I must try another way I see.

EPILO

EPILOGVS.

Indicins friends, it is so late at night,
I cannot waken hungry Appetite:
Then since the close upon his rising stands,
Let me obtaine this at your courteous hands:
Try if the friendly importunity
Of your good will, and gracious Plaudity,
With the thrice welcome murmure it shall keepe;
Can beg this Prisoner from the bands of sleepe.

Plaudite.

Vpon the Plaudite, Appetitus waketh
And runneth in after Anamnestes.

: FINIS.

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